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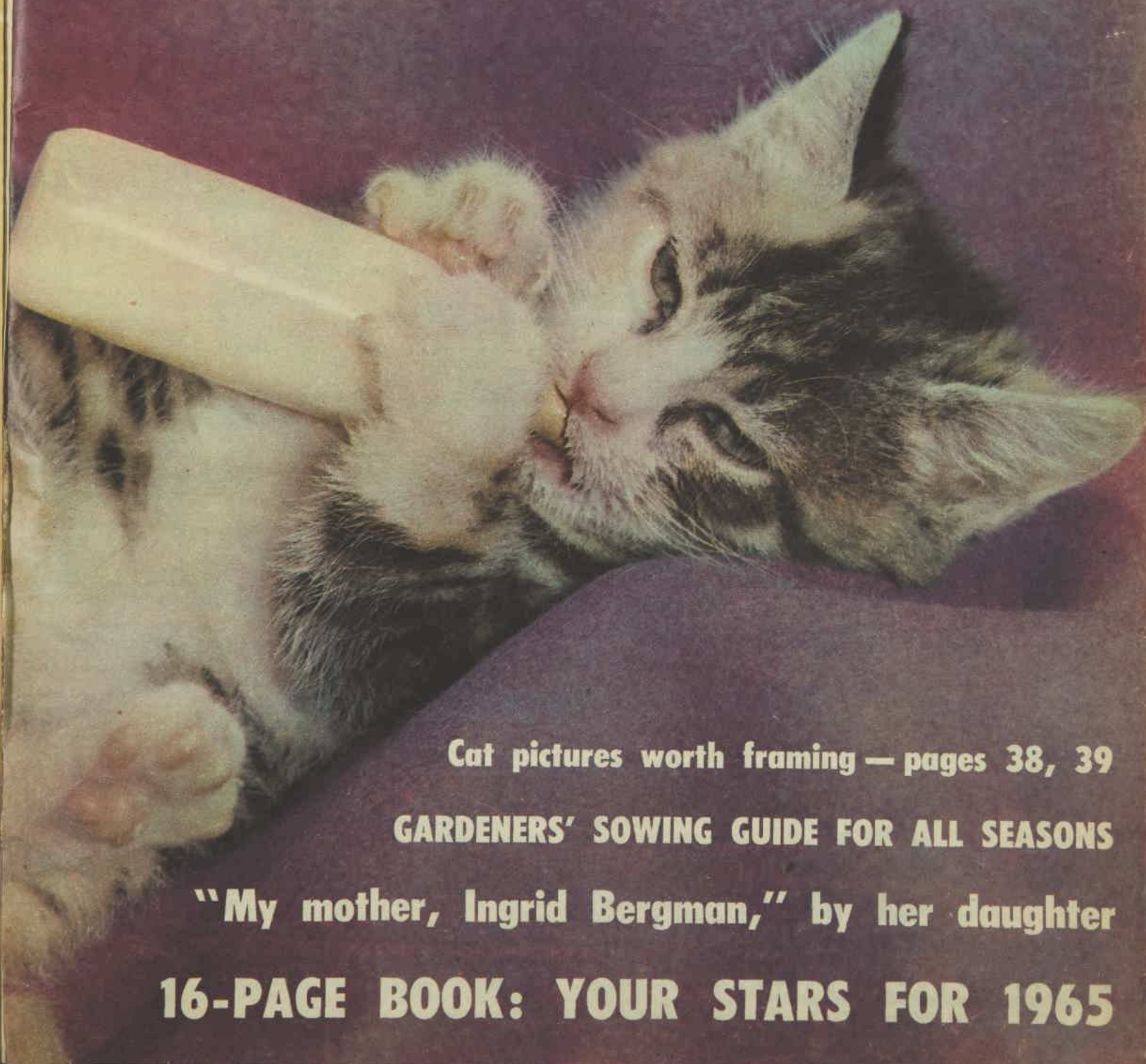
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 6, 1965

Vol. 32, No. 32

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#### OUR COVER

● Our New Year cover "baby" — her name is Gay — belongs to Mr. and Mrs. James Walsh, of Kensington, N.S.W. They found the kitten abandoned in the street before her eyes were open, and kept her alive by feeding her with a doll's feeding bottle. Gay became so used to the bottle that she learned to "feed" herself — as shown in this picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

## WORTH REPORTING

● All through the post-Christmas period a wistful speculation haunts us: What will the New Year bring?

THIS year is different. We have been able to turn to the liftout book in this issue and discover what 1965 will be like.

Our predictions read so rosily that we have had to remind ourselves it's "only the Stars," even though forecast by Waldner, the world's leading astrologer.

Professor Francesco Waldner, 51, is the man who predicted that the Queen's third and fourth children would be boys. He foretold the death of Tyrone Power, and predicted disaster for Mussolini and Hitler.

He is small, fair-haired, and has intense eyes. Although he uses books, charts, and tables, he goes beyond the ordinary interpretation of symbols and signs.

Son of an Austrian farmer, he was born in the Tyrol and studied at the Austrian Academy of Commerce.

He works and lives in a book-lined apartment overlooking the River Tiber and near the Vatican.

All kinds of people consult him, about one-third men, two-thirds women, for business and sentimental problems, about children, work, career, and illness.

His clients include statesmen, bankers, industrialists, film stars, and socialites.

For more than 20 years many industrialists have consulted him regularly before making major moves.

He prefers personal consultation with the subject in front of him for about half an hour.

The man who began to be clairvoyant at the age of eight predicted in 1958 that Kennedy would become President.

He also forecast the marriage of Princess Margaret, and that her second child would be a girl.



● WORLD-FAMOUS ASTROLOGER Francesco Waldner, author of "Your Stars for 1965," the liftout book in this issue.

### "Ladies work hard, too"

"TO be a diplomat in your own home is a new experience," said Indian Trade Commissioner Mr. G. L. Puri at his farewell party before leaving Sydney for his new post as Consul in Islamabad, Pakistan.

Mr. Puri was born in Pakistan when it was still part of India, and lived there until 1947.

Since then he has served in India's diplomatic corps in Afghanistan, Holland, Muscat (on the Persian Gulf), and Sydney.

His wife and two daughters left by ship before Mr. Puri flew to join them.

After two weeks of "batching," he commented: "I had never realised until this week that ladies, too, work hard."

Tall, courtly Mr. Puri loved Australia.

"You have such a message for us in so many fields," he reflected. "Not only trade — even your education is so good that my little girl never wanted to miss her school; she was so fond of the teachers."

Rather than the usual three-year term, Mr. Puri served four years in Sydney.

"Sydney was our happiest post. But," he shrugged philosophically, "after all, I had an extra year!"

FIVE years ago Mrs. Earl Dickerson, of Irene, South Dakota, read an item about the Kybunga (S.A.) branch of the Country Women's Association and its request for an exchange programme with a similar group in the U.S.A.

She had organised the first U.S. Extension Club — a group much like Australia's C.W.A. — in her own district in 1921. Mrs. Dickerson wrote and was assigned correspondent to the S.A. branch.

Regular exchanges of letters, tape-recordings of meetings in session, group pictures, and scrapbooks of families have brought both the groups into closer contact.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hicks, of Kybunga, 80 miles north of Adelaide, had a week's stopover with Mrs. Dickerson during their recent world trip.

In Irene, 300 women, all Extension Club members, hosted a special reception. And they were given a tour of the county — Turner — to see South Dakota farms.

Mr. Hicks, in turn, showed slides of his 723-acre farm.

Mrs. Dickerson says exchange programmes are a down-to-earth way of getting people acquainted, but adds: "I never dreamed I could make it interesting enough to cause Australians to want to come to America to see what I looked like."

### Steady on the cannon, boys!

THINGS will be booming in the Adelaide musical world on the night of January 3.

Sixteen shots will be fired from six 25-pounder guns from Elder Park across the River Torrens as part of Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture," which the South Australian Symphony Orchestra is presenting with assistance from the 13th Field Regiment C.M.F. unit.

Lieutenant Duncan Harvey had no problems in finding 24 volunteers to man the guns — in fact, there are many stand-ins, ready and willing.

Rehearsals have had to be mainly "dry" runs, but three shells were permitted at one.

The first firing — completely unexpected by interested Army personnel who had gathered to watch — fairly shook the ground.

From nearby trees, startled sparrows, rudely disturbed from their slumbers, shot into the air.

The great flashes accompanying each blast indicated that on the night of performance the area should be momentarily lit up, then smoked over.

This, together with the 16 booms — the last 11 fired at about three-second intervals — should provide a colorful finale.

An open-air performance was planned for the "Overture" when in 1880 Tchaikovsky was commissioned to write a patriotic piece to coincide with the consecration of the Moscow Cathedral of the Saviour, built to commemorate the Russians' liberation from the Napoleonic invasion.

Staging the "Overture" in Adelaide is taking much planning and co-ordination.

Printed instructions to the gunners end with this quaint message: "Noise will be kept to a minimum."



# FRANK IFIELD AND FIANCEE

*Mr. Nice Guy found romance in  
the front row of the chorus*

● Australian singer Frank Ifield once said, "I like girls, but every girl is just that much of a disappointment until you find the one everything clicks with." Now everything has clicked. Her name is Gillian Bowden.

TWENTY million television viewers watched Frank Ifield and dancer Gillian Bowden singing about love without realising that two hours previously they had become engaged.

That was how Frank, one of London's most eligible show-business bachelors, and 23-year-old Gillian earned an award for the best-kept secret in the entertainment world.

Only their closest friends even knew they had been seeing each other regularly.

Their engagement, announced two hours before Frank topped the bill on the "Sunday Night at the London Palladium," threw everyone backstage into a flat spin.

The announcement was made during a break in rehearsal, and hasty champagne celebrations were arranged for after the show.

Gillian was proudly wearing a dazzling triple-diamond engagement ring.

By BRIAN GIBSON,  
of our London staff

Frank, the 27-year-old singer who is now in the £1000-a-week class through records like "I Remember You," "Lovesick Blues," and "Don't Blame Me," met Gillian two years ago at an awards-giving party in London.

He said, "I guess it was love at first sight, although I didn't start dating Gillian until we met again at the Palladium."

Despite the lack of privacy that plagues any major star, Frank has been able to take Gillian to theatres, restaurants, and driving.

They visited Gillian's parents.

Her father said, "When I met him, Frank struck me as a real down-to-earth character. I like him a lot, and I'm looking forward to having him as a son-in-law."

The show-business set in London have the right name for Frank—"Mr. Nice Guy." Everyone from the doorman at the Palladium to the stagehands and the producer know the title is justified.

His three years of steady success, until "I Remember You" made him an international disc name, prepared Frank for stardom.

He looks a star and he is one, but he never allows it to overshadow the fact that



first and foremost he's just Frank Ifield.

On one of our recent meetings he remarked to me, "You know, I just can't help thinking that I've been terribly lucky."

"I've worked hard, of course, but then I like my work and wouldn't know what to do if I wasn't an entertainer."

"I haven't changed with success. I guess I'm like all Australians. I don't have a great need for possessions or large amounts of money. I just want a roof over my head and four wheels to take me round, that's all."

"I've always been able to live well, and now that I'm doing a bit better I don't want anyone to envy me."

Frank lives in a luxuriously furnished apartment in Maida Vale that once belonged to pianist Russ Conway. Both he and Gillian find their work mainly centred in London, so it is unlikely that they will buy a country home.

## Town house

"Frank will probably buy a larger town house," a close friend told me.

Gillian, like Frank, is a veteran. She began working on the stage at the age of 16, and one of her first large parts was in a pantomime with the late George Formby.

As a front-line dancer at the Palladium she earns

**STAR SINGER Frank Ifield, 27, who has made an international name since he left Australia five years ago, and his fiancée, dancer Gillian Bowden. She is a Londoner, aged 23.**

around £35 a week, and she intends to go on working after she is married.

"I love my work," she said, "and Frank has agreed that I shall carry on for a while."

They have no idea when they will marry.

"We hope to make it some time next year," said Frank. "But in this business there are so many things to consider."

Certainly for Frank next year will be a busy and crucial one. Following a Christmas pantomime he will begin work in February on his first feature film role.

Few details are available

on the kind of role, but there is a good chance that he will portray an Australian playwright, and there are bound to be a couple of songs included.

Frank's Australian-born manager, Peter Gormly, hopes to repeat with Frank the film success that has made Cliff Richard (another Gormly artist) an international name.

It could happen, for Frank is well known in America through his records.

## Much-envied

Gillian's chorus-girl friends at the Palladium envy her, because these days

few girls in the line manage to marry eligible men.

The days of the "stage-door Johnnies" are long past, although stars like Audrey Hepburn, Anna Neagle, Millicent Martin, and Juliet Prowse emerged from the chorus lines to become top film and stage names. The same could well happen to Gillian.

Some time next year Frank and Gillian hope to fit in a quick visit to Australia to see Frank's parents, who met Gillian on their last trip to Britain in 1964.

It is thought that perhaps he and Gillian will fly to Australia about June for a short stay.



## NEXT WEEK

Looks cool, tempting, and very delicious, doesn't it? And . . .



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## WEDDING Dress Sense

. . . and there are patterns for two floor-length wedding gowns.



TED YOUNG, 27, former model, now responsible for the preparation and presentation of fashion pictures in a photographer's studio, discusses a picture with model Georgia Gold.

## In dress, Australian women are

# "Safe but terrible"

— Says Ted Young, stylist

● Much-travelled model and photographer's stylist Ted Young, who returned to Australia recently, hopped right into criticising women's fashions here.

FORMERLY of Sydney and now living in Melbourne, Ted spent eight years in England and Europe.

"Women in Australia overdress, they wear too many fripperies and geegaws, they go to dreadful extremes, either wearing different accessories with different color hat, gloves, shoes, and bag, or they match everything. Terrible," he muttered.

The model, a handsome 27-year-old, paused for breath, but not for long.

"Australian women wear too many pale colors.

"They won't wear anything unless all their friends are wearing the same thing, and they smother themselves with beads in summer.

"Eight years ago when I visited Melbourne it was the same, except that young girls played it much safer then.

"They wore flannel skirts, with twinsets, and pearls, and tweed coats.

"Safe but terrible."

Ted considers that he has the authority to criticise the fashion scene here following his years of work in this field abroad.

As stylist for photographer Larry Cains, also recently returned to Australia after 12 years abroad, he oversees the presentation of the studio's fashion photography.

He dresses the models, dictates the make-up and hairstyle they need for a particular garment, and organises the settings.

Ted admits that the models here resent his efforts to present them as he feels they should be seen.

"Here the model arrives complete with make-up that's usually wrong for the job, and neither the photographer nor the model knows.

"The girls don't like being told what to wear or how to wear it."

## In Paris

Ted, who declares he can create a good picture even if the garment is bad (from the kind of model he asks to wear the garment and the make-up and hairstyling he thinks suitable), says that overseas models accept a stylist and the work he does.

He modelled in London, Paris, Dusseldorf, Munich, and Rome, but refuses modelling work here because, he says, there is not enough money in it.

A good male model can

make £100 sterling a week in London, he says.

In his last two years in London he was under contract to model exclusively for a tailoring firm, so he had enough spare time to haunt the studio of Larry Cains, where he first became interested in styling.

—By  
**JAYNE STUART**

He said he returned to Australia to see what he could do to help the fashion fields here.

How does he think Australian fashions can be improved?

Australia should send all people connected with the business of fashion, particularly designers and manufacturers, abroad for experience, he says.

He maintains that manufacturers are as much at fault as the women themselves, because they see a "safe" fashion selling and stay with it as long as they can, not venturing into anything controversial or new.

Both men and women are conditioned to fashion, he says.

If anything is around for long enough they will accept

it, but, he adds, older men are the worst offenders because they refuse to change from their dark, sober suits and conventional dressing.

In Europe women see a fashion and dash to have it copied, thus keeping wardrobe costs down.

But Australian women, according to Ted Young, seem more reluctant to do this, recognising that such a garment would be individual and they'd be "out of it."

He also believes that in many instances Australians pay too much for clothes.

Casual wear for both men and women is relatively inexpensive, he says, but shoes and more formal fashions are "exorbitant" in price.

He has hope for the younger set, but says there should be more experienced people around to show them and help them in their dressing.

It is easier for young people to buy clothes in London, he said, because of the many young designers working for manufacturers there.

Although he admits there are some promising young designers around Melbourne, his general attitude to the fashion future here is pessimistic.

It will take us a long, long time to catch up, Ted says.



# SWIM-PROOF HAIRSTYLES

*(so they say)*

● A five-pointed "star" hairdo, easy to set when wet from a swim, has been evolved by stylist Vidal Sassoon, of Mayfair, London.

Called the Dutch Doll bob, it's all the rage in London and Paris.

"Mod" designer Mary Quant is wearing it, and so are all her mannequins.

"It is just perfect for summer and swimming," said the editor of the fashion magazine "Elle."

Jean Rollins, the model photographed in the series of pictures at right, said:

"I love it. I swim a lot in an indoor heated pool and can be out of the water, dressed, and my hair set in time for an evening date."

It has a little-boy look that does wonders for good cheek-bones. It shows up the eyes.

And the long thick fringe, covering the eyebrows, is said to make the most of make-up.



**DUTCH DOLL BOB**  
(when wet)

is chic even when dripping. The trick is in the cutting. Note "star" points in front of ears, and the eyebrow fringe.

## Another "in the swim" hairdo



**VIDAL SASSOON'S** half-bob, which started the new swim-proof hairstyles, is seen at left, wet in the top picture and dry below.

It is long on one side—from 11 to 12 inches.

The deep fringe which shows the eyebrows gradually lengthens on the other side to a much shorter length that just covers the ears.

Just as gradually, the hair is cut to fall short at the back.

The girl in the picture is Danae Brook (sister of Captain Brook, aide-de-camp to the Governor of Tasmania), and she loves her one-sided bob.

"I come out of the swimming-pool with my hair dripping," she said, "but find it marvellously easy to set."

### Grooming

For the style, sleek and neat, swings into place with a flick of the comb through the wet hair.

It can be rubbed dry in the sun with a rough towel and then, with a little back combing to give the long and short sides body and bounce, the hair is perfectly smooth and groomed.

Pictures by Alec Murray



**DRY:** Every hair of the non-layered bob has been simply combed carefully into place while wet, giving this front view when dry.



**BACK** view when dry. The "star" point characteristic is again seen. The whole fall of the hair is fixed only by the cutting, then the combing.



**GLAMOR** for evening: Model Jean Rollins merely has to pin a top-knot of curls across the crown of her head, and her Dutch Doll bob transforms into a sophisticated and feminine hairdo suitable for either ballroom or theatre. It can go to dinner, or parties big or small.





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# Miss World becomes Miss Wool

● "I think wool is sexy," said Miss World, the 20-year-old Ann Sidney, who, for the next 12 months, will be dressed by the leading couturiers in fabulous clothes made entirely of wool. And paid for wearing them.

**T**HE way she wears her glamorous wool wardrobe will be watched by fashion-conscious women all over the world.

For Ann (36-24-36) will be visiting most countries as the International Wool Secretariat's ambassador-extraordinary on a grand tour that will cover some 50,000 miles.

"I said when I won the Miss World title I would like to see something of the world," said Ann. "Now I'm on my way."

I spoke to Ann when she was fresh back in England after a hectic two days in Paris, where she faced a barrage of cameras, was given the full VIP treatment with red carpet and champagne, faced TV cameras all hours of the day and far into the night, and had such famous houses as Christian Dior, Maggy Rouff, Philip Venet designing special dresses for the glamorous dates ahead.

Her first big dates scheduled were the "Bob Hope Show" in America, and before that being presented to Princess Margaret at the Dockland's Settlement Ball.

She may possibly go to

Alaska with the "Bob Hope Show" to entertain the troops for Christmas.

"It's all going to be such fun," she said.

The offer to travel the world in wool came minutes after the crown of beauty queen had been set on her head.

Other offers too, came rolling in, but in the sheer excitement of winning the Miss World contest Ann put all aside until she could have a long cool look at them and see just what was offering.

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

"It wasn't so much the money," said Ann (the contract figure is about £A12,500), "it was the thrill of being able to wear nothing but the most beautiful clothes on an exciting travel adventure that dazzled me."

"But imagine how wonderful it was to be flown straight to Paris and have Marc Bohan, of Christian Dior, design clothes specially for me, when only a few weeks earlier I was with my parents in Paris and could afford nothing more than a look at the beautiful clothes."

Ann, who has been trained as a model and loves the

work, arrived in the Dior salon at a time when it was quite empty.

The whole collection and the mannequins had gone for big fashion parades in Japan.

Now a good model is said to give inspiration to a clever designer, and Marc Bohan was no exception.

He was in the throes of designing the next season's collection and her clothes (which will be seen well in advance) are a foretaste of what is to come.

"I had my big date with Bob Hope in mind and the designer and his team knew it."

"The result was absolutely fabulous—an emerald-green ball gown in the finest wool crepe."

"It really has something and sparkles with all that wonderful jewel embroidery for which the house is famous."

On to Maggy Rouff went Ann, this time for another evening dress, one designed for her curtsy to Princess Margaret.

"They dreamed up a fine wool crepe that clings in the most sexy way."

"It is pale yellow, with a black ever-so-short bolero with long tight sleeves over an Empire-line dress. The



MISS WORLD, 20-year-old Ann Sidney, who has been signed up on a five-figure contract to be Miss Wool. She wears a Paris coat.

bolero glitters with jet—it's lovely."

Philip Venet, of the school of Balenciaga, saw his classic new season's line on her in an instant.

Against her dark beauty he pinned up his most glowing colors — cerise in a boucle wool with the finest lame-wool blouse in palest pink, with a touch of glitter at the neckline.

"I'm really a pink girl by day," said Ann. "It is my favorite color, though I do like jewel shades at night."

In a shop in the fashionable Faubourg St. Honore, she slipped into a ready-to-wear pink tweed coat, with luxurious mink roll collar and cuffs.

She ordered a pale pink and beige coat and dress, all in wool, with one color melting into the other, from one of the new young couturiers.

Miss World, now almost better known as Miss Wool, was also showered with gifts ranging from famous-name American-styled sweaters to classic wool top-coats.

"Wherever I go I am completely spoiled," she said.

## Bodyguard

"I'm not only showered with gifts (wool, of course), but I'm protected, too."

She told me how gendarmes Fernandel Merlin and Maurice Paris (yes, Paris, same as the city) helped her up and down the steps at the Palais de Chaillot, as well as giving her a bodyguard against over-enthusiastic TV and cameramen when she toured Paris and climbed up to get a good view of the Eiffel Tower.

"The Press never leave my tail," said Ann.

BLUE WOOL dress worn by Ann in Paris.

The French, always alert for something new to look at, were curious. A lady dressed all in wool!

"They ran the cameras up and down my figure; even lifted my skirt for an extra shot," she said.

All seemed to approve.

For not only was Ann Sidney, in her crown on arrival and in her all-wool dresses during her visit, seen on TV screens in every provincial town and village from the Cote D'Azur to the Pyrenees, from Paris to Provence, but there were wolf whistles from the boulevards and nods of approval from the bourgeois matrons.

A practical people, the French succumbed to the beauty queen, who appeared not only to take the tickle out of wool but to give it a pop and a sexy feeling.

Touring had its drawbacks, however.

Ann dined out only twice in Paris—once at the famous Maxime's and once at The Moustache (where everyone from the proprietor down to the last waiter wears a moustache).

"The rest of the time I lived on sandwiches," she said. "There was no time to eat."

She did her hair herself. But as she is a hairdresser, this was the least of her troubles.

"When I wanted to be a model and travel, my parents insisted I take a course in hairdressing. They wanted me to have a trade to fall back on," she said.

It is typical of this versatile girl that when she was an apprentice she won the junior hairstyling cup for apprentices in her first year.

It is also typical of her not to have been nervous about curtsying to Princess Margaret.

"I learned ballet dancing,

and curtsying is part of it," she said.

She won her first beauty contest at 15.

"But I didn't enter again until I was a competitor for Miss World. I feel my feet won't touch the ground again."

Ann Sidney loves dancing and has won Twist and modern dancing contests.

It is part of her programme to be a celebrity judge in "Come Dancing," a TV programme.

## Australia?

She hopes to have a chance to go to Australia on her world wool travels.

"But there is nothing definite yet," she said.

Her programme will, however, take her to Germany, where there is a most glamorous programme being worked out; to Scandinavia, where they are increasingly fashion- and wool-conscious (even men's ties are dated unless they are in home-spun vegetable-dyed wool); to Japan, a large and still growing market.

And high on her fashion tour is the Italian Spring Collections — she has an invitation to visit them, not only as a fashion-wise spectator but as an ambassador for wool.

There are also promotional tie-ups with chain-stores, not only in Europe but in America, always quick to follow up a "Bob Hope Show."

Of romance Ann has nothing to say. "I have no steady boyfriend," she repeated several times.

Ann, with dark hair and green eyes, was Miss United Kingdom when she beat 41 other beauties for the crown.

It was Britain's second home win in 14 Miss World contests. The last Miss United Kingdom to win the title was Rosemary Frankland in 1961.





Mother and daughter in London, 1958. Pia was 20, was still called Jenny Ann, and was spending university holidays with her mother.

**T**HERE was a time, I must admit, when it wasn't easy being Ingrid Bergman's daughter.

Even now, when I visit Mamma at her villa in the countryside near Paris, a plump farm woman delivering a basket of fresh eggs may lift her eyebrows curiously and tsk-tsk as she realises that I am Pia, Mamma's eldest girl. In America, hotel bellhops and cleaning ladies sigh sympathetically to show compassion. And in Italy the air bristles with whispers: Is she or isn't she like her mother?

In appearance we are quite different. Mamma has blue-grey eyes; mine are deep blue. Her hair is a sienna red-brown; mine is blondish. Both of us have the healthy pink-cheeked coloring characteristic of Swedes.

Our laughs, I'm told, are alike: lively and melodious. Mamma is taller. And stronger. But these are surface differences. What old acquaintances, new friends and Mamma's devotees wonder is, am I my mother's daughter in heart and spirit?

Most of my life I have felt removed from my mother, estranged, lonely, and withdrawn. Perhaps now, at 26, I am more like her than before.

But even today, when we are closer than we ever were, we are apart.

In a way, we are wandering minstrels. Mamma's work takes her to London, Rome, New York. Her home base is the forested countryside of Choisel, south-west of Paris, but she and Lars Schmidt, her third husband, a Swedish producer, holiday every summer in their island hideaway, Danholmen, in Sweden.

We are always in touch, and I sometimes follow her. But, when I am asked where my mother is, I can only answer for the moment.

Like Mamma, I am a gipsy, and now that I have decided to be an actress, I go wherever there is work.

One winter I may be studying voice and speech in London. Or I may visit my father—Mamma's first husband, the neurosurgeon Dr. Peter Lindstrom—in the U.S. for Easter.

Or I may be—as I am now—in Mamma's labyrinthine apartment on the Viale Bruno Bruzzi in Rome. Here I live with my half-sisters, the 12-year-old twins, Isabella ("Isa") and Ingrid, and my 14-year-old half-brother, Robertino.

They are the children of Mamma's second marriage, the culmination of a love affair that shocked the world when Mamma left Papa in California for the fulfilment of her heart's desire in Italy.

Swedes—and I am one—are introspective, suspicious in outlook, and parsimonious in their display of emotion. Mamma is more Swedish than I in some ways, although I think of myself as Swedish by birth, character, and temperament, American by education, and Italian by my own adoption.

### Unhappy gilded childhood

My childhood was not happy. I grew up in Hollywood during the '40s, in the gilded heyday of Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. It was a life millions of young girls wished for and dreamed of.

My reaction was the opposite. I hated and despised it. "That's Ingrid Bergman's daughter," is the way I was inevitably introduced at school and parties.

Mamma was a cinema queen, but I froze with shame whenever I saw gushing ladies beseeching her for autographs and making a fuss. She was so busy working that we had only minutes together from day to day.

Visiting the movie sets, I was confused by the salaaming attention paid to Mamma, the clutches of people chasing after her—a make-up man powdering her fine nose, a hairdresser touching up her hair, the wardrobe mistress, cameraman, script girl, director, and producers.

Hollywood, to my childish eyes, was a world of cardboard cities, with houses that have only fronts, rocks that aren't rocks, howling winds pumped by machines.

**INGRID BERGMAN** and daughter **Pia** (right). "We are quite different," says Pia, "but both have pink-cheeked coloring."

# MY MOTHER.



Happy meeting, 1959, in Hollywood. Ingrid was visiting for the Academy Awards presentations; Jenny Ann was planning to marry.



Reunion, 1957. Pia (second left) with her mother after nine years apart. With them are the Rossellini children, "Robin" and twins.

In the middle of all this stood Mamma, an island in a dark sea. I was separated from her—and from the world. Children—and I was no exception—don't like or want to be different. I ached to be "normal," like everyone else.

Now, thinking back, I even loathed the way we lived. Our house was surrounded with an electronically wired fence for protection against autograph seekers and jewel thieves. I dreamed we were imprisoned like convicts.

How many times I cried over my name, Pia, which the children at school laughed at. "What kind of a silly name is that?" they'd ask cruelly.

Often I read in the newspapers or heard on the radio that my name was a play on Mamma's and Papa's initials: P-I-A, Peter, Ingrid, Always. That was nauseous nonsense, just one of the hollow lies that bothered me as a child.

"Why did you give me a strange name like that?" I asked Mamma again and again. She explained it was Swedish and had a lovely musical sound.

"I can't stand it." All I could hear were the children screaming "Pi-pi-pi-a!" every day at school, and I would cringe. I begged Mamma to let me adopt a new name.

"What would you prefer?" she asked.

"Dale," I answered. I was a Roy Rogers fan then, and would really have preferred the name of his horse, Trigger, but I knew Mamma wouldn't agree to that. So I was willing to settle for the name of the wife of my cowboy hero.

"Oh, Pia, don't be unhappy. One day you'll like your name because it is different."

Mamma didn't understand. Being her daughter made me different enough. I didn't want to be extra-different.

When I turned 12 and became a citizen of the United States, I beseeched my father to allow me to change my name to Jenny Ann, and he did.

But Mamma was right. I did go back to Pia later. Now that I am finding my own way in the world, I realise what distinction an unusual name can give.





# INGRID BERGMAN



Pia and her father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, Hollywood neurosurgeon, before her mother left him for film director Roberto Rossellini.

By PIA LINDSTROM

As told to George Christy

Pia Lindstrom, Ingrid Bergman's eldest child, is 26. When she was 11 her mother left Dr. Lindstrom for Roberto Rossellini. Pia grew up with her father, lonely and withdrawn, amid raucous publicity and the aftermath of the custody dispute. After nine years she and her mother met again, and, as she explains here, became friends.



Remembering those rose-strewn days of Mamma's success fills me with a mixture of remorse and amusement.

In that flamboyant atmosphere, Papa, poor Papa, tried to indoctrinate me with lifelong values. More often than not, we laughed at the results.

One summer evening when I was ten years old, Papa asked Mamma if she had taught me the basics of cooking. Mamma said no, but that she would one of these days.

"I'll teach her," Papa offered proudly. Then, to me, he said imperiously, "Tonight you'll learn how to boil an egg." In the kitchen he explained that first I had to boil the water, and then gently slip the egg into it.

"How will I know the water's boiling?" I piped up. Papa's face turned tomato-red. He couldn't talk, and I expected him to pop like a firecracker.

"This is horrible," he bellowed at Mamma. Then he paused, sighed, and started laughing. Mamma and I chuckled, too. But Mamma took me aside and taught me how to recognise boiling water.

Mamma isn't the housewife so many movie stars pretend to be. Mamma was—and is—a star. She adores acting. It's a life force singing in her veins like blood.

Mamma never relished cooking. If she had her way, she would live in hotel suites for the rest of her life and press buttons for room service. But the minute Mamma arrived in Hollywood from Sweden, the producer's Press agents created a St. Ingrid image for the world at large.

She tried to live up to that image whenever she could, but her fearless honesty intruded. "You have to do what you want in your life, not what other people think you should," she says. "If you make a mistake, that's too bad. But it's the only way to live."

## Loves dusting, scrubbing

Mamma does have a favorite domestic pastime, however—dusting. When she isn't working, Mamma dusts and dusts. Or she scrubs. And vacuums.

If I'm visiting her in Chislehurst in London and wonder where she is, all I do is look down and I find her crawling on her knees, a bandanna over her hair, a thick brush in one hand and a bucket of sudsy water by her side. If Mamma ever renounces acting, she could hire out as a crackjack scrub-lady.

Mamma has won two Oscars: the first in 1944 for her co-starring role opposite Charles Boyer in "Gaslight," her second for the lead in "Anastasia" in 1956. The years between brought the raucous notoriety accompanying her action in leaving Papa for Roberto Rossellini.

For her personal bravery during these years while the world lashed out at her, I believe she deserves a medal.

Today I shudder as I recall those scandalous headlines of the infamous autumn of 1949. I was a child of 11 then, and the world seemed to be falling apart.



Ingrid and her second husband, film director Roberto Rossellini, in late 1957 amid rumors of divorce. "He has great charm, is unafraid," says Pia.

It had started when Mamma asked director Roberto Rossellini, whose work she admired, whether there was a role for her in any of his films. He invited Mamma to star in "Stromboli," and suddenly, unexpectedly—like a clap of thunder in the dark—they fell in love. Unswerving in her honesty, Mamma admitted her feelings, and the world whipped her with stinging words.

Today, the moral climate is perhaps not so harsh and unforgiving. But 15 years ago many people were merciless.

Everything I heard was terrifying. That my father was mean to Mamma, which he wasn't. Papa believed in discipline. There was talk that Mamma didn't care about me, which was not true. When we were together, we spent happy hours playing children's games, pillow-fighting, sitting up late, talking.

But in those early years of the 'fifties, panic exploded like a buzz bomb in our house, at school, and on the street where newsboys hawked papers headlining Mamma's love affair.

Barely in my teens, I was expected to take sides. I was approached by attorneys to say in the divorce court that I was very happy with Papa and that I loved him more than I loved Mamma.

I wasn't old enough to know what I wanted, but the attorneys pushed, cajoled, and forced thoughts upon me. They emphasised with hammering repetition that I was expected to say "something strong." I was choked with confusion.

Cockleburrs pricked at my heart. Mamma was away; I might lose Papa. What would happen to me?

Early one sour morning in 1952, a year and a half after the Californian divorce, in which my custody was awarded to Papa, Papa and I drove to a crowded and clamoring court in Los Angeles.

Mamma wanted me to visit her in Europe with someone other than Papa, and this was to be decided in court.

Petrified, I was led to the witness stand. I was pelted with barrages of questions which were like sharp stones. "Do you love your mother? . . . Do you want to see her? . . . Do you want to go away from your father?"

Trembling and terrified, I stumbled over the answers that were pounded into me for days before. "I don't love my mother. I like her. I love my father. I don't want to go to Italy."

To a child, this was shattering. The headlines that day screamed, "PIA DOESN'T LOVE HER MOTHER!" and I cried my heart out.

Every child knows he is supposed to love his mother. What had I done? I was overcome with terror and shame and guilt. By the week's end I was pointed to as a freak, the little girl who told the judge she didn't love her mother.

What a cruel barbarism to inflict on a torn and bewildered child. How could I, at 13, know what I wanted?



Ingrid and producer Lars Schmidt in 1958 before their marriage. "Lars is tall, gentle-voiced, very amusing," says Pia of her mother's third husband.

Divorce courts prey unmercifully and disgracefully on children. A judicial system that depends on immature children to make desperate decisions is ugly and antiquated.

Years passed, and I saw my mother only once, in London, and that was a stiff, awkward meeting. There were swift processions of governesses, nurses, and cooks to look after me. But I missed Mamma, and all the things a daughter and mother share. She wrote to me always, wherever Papa and I were, in Pittsburgh or Salt Lake City, where he toiled at his hospital work.

Ironically, Mamma had grown up without a mamma, too. Her mother died when she was two, and Mamma has often said she grieved that she didn't have a mother to wear a pretty hat and walk her to school in Stockholm.

## Nervous first visit

When I was almost 20, I flew to Paris for my first long visit with Mamma. I was uneasy and nervous.

How would we get along after so many years? We had written, yes, but what would we talk about face to face? Our letters had been friendly, but without the cosy, myriad details that bind people together.

Mamma met me that sticky summer afternoon at Orly Airport. It resembled a circus ring, jammed as it was with scores of photographers and gossiping Frenchmen.

In front of everyone we exchanged a soft "Hello," and drove hurriedly to the Hotel Rafael in Paris.

Once Mamma was certain we fooled the photographers, we sneaked out the back door and strolled to Montmartre, where we ducked into a cafe with red-checked curtains and Mamma ordered a bottle of champagne. We drank to our meeting again, to happiness, and the best of days. We liked each other and talked comfortably.

I recall being surprised at sitting across from someone who looked a little like me and whose animated gestures were familiar.

I love the eloquent way Mamma uses her hands in conversation and the way she stands—noble and erect like classical sculpture.

I told her I was sorry about the misunderstandings of the past, and she said that she was sorry, too. The things that I didn't understand I wanted to forget.

Neither Mamma nor I rehearsed the past. We sipped champagne and melted into each other's thoughts and feelings. Mamma is direct, very easy to talk to, feminine without being fluffy.

Months later, she admitted, "I was so afraid. I didn't know what Pia would say, what she would be like. I didn't want to meet her in front of all the people at the airport."

After that, we were never alone. Photographers, like mosquitoes, hounded us.

Finally I met Roberto Rossellini in Rome. He is an unusual Italian with great charm, a man who is strong like Mamma, and unafraid of making mistakes.

In Italy we stayed most of the summer at Mamma's beach house at Santa Marinella, north of Rome, where Mamma kept pet kangaroos, turtles, doves, and ponies.

That was a sweet summer of golden days, alive with love. Mamma would say to me, "Don't wear the beige blouse. The red sweater is prettier." And I basked in her attentions and advice. I loved her critical comments, for I felt I was learning and growing.

I became friends with the Rossellini twins, Isa and Ingrid, who are as different as two blades of grass.

Isa looks more like Mamma did when she was a young girl. She swims, loves horses and dogs, excels in sports. She is mentally quick and imaginative and loves to tell once-upon-a-time stories. She is at that in-between age—12—now, when she is neither a boy nor a girl, but almost both. She's not interested in the theatre, but may be a writer.

Continued on page 12



# WEDDING IN THE WET

Story and pictures by LARRY FOLEY

● About 550 guests and one gate-crasher gave Mossman, Queensland's northernmost sugar town, a wedding to remember. Not content with wet-blanketing the occasion, the uninvited one — Cyclone Flora — then hounded the motor-touring honeymooners.



**THE BRIDE**, five-foot Nancy D'Addona, and six-footer **BRIDEGROOM**, Bevin John Reis, on their wet wedding day. On the honeymoon, they were to be caught in the cyclone Flora in heavy rain.

**DRESSING** for the big day is the bride, Nancy, with her mother, Mrs. Angelina D'Addona (picture below). Outside, in a matter of hours, Cyclone Flora was to put the Gaerloch Bridge near the town of Ingham 21ft. under water.

**A**S bride and groom headed for Canberra, Flora preceded them down the coast, leaving record floods in their path.

Mossman may be small, but it takes big weddings in its stride. And lying in the monsoon belt, Mossman certainly can take big rains in its stride.

So there was no talk of putting things off. Come rain, come shine, come Flora, it was on.

Mossman knew it could cope with a wedding in the Wet, if the Wet insisted, thanks to Flora, on arriving a month early.

Big weddings are a tradition in Mossman, especially among the people of Italian origin, who form 35 per cent. of the population.

It is nothing for the town to have several a year with

guests up to three or four hundred.

What makes such big weddings possible in such a small town is, of course, the spirit of the close-knit community — the sort of thing that gave rise to the slogan "the friendly North."

Relatives, friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens handle everything, decorations, transport, cooking, catering, and serving.

As one Mossmanite said: "It might be my daughter next."

Among the willing hands will be quite an assortment of nationalities — "all completely assimilated," said George Quaid, the shire chairman (equivalent to mayor), who was M.C. at the reception in the town hall.

Mossman celebrates these weddings with gusto.

They have harvest festival overtones, for they are

usually held about the end of cane harvesting.

This is a good time; the work is over, the men are free, the cheques are rolling in, and the flowering tropical trees and shrubs that fill the yards and line the streets of Mossman are at their best, in full, mad bloom.

It is a time for the relax, for the enjoy, for the eat, drink, and be merry; and what better occasion for all this than a wedding?

## Lush setting

Against the purple bougainvillea, the flame trees, the lurid poinsettias, and incredible poincianas, pink cassia and golden cascara, the crotons and the frangipani, the swaying coconut palms, and the laden mango trees in Mossman's lush green valley-and-mountain setting, a bride in white looks simply wonderful.

On this occasion Flora dashed the pretty petals to the sodden ground.

The watchers at the old high-set, brown-painted wooden Roman Catholic Church, St. Augustine's,

standing in the rain, had to be content with barely a glimpse of the bride as her car was backed and forthed over mud and puddles to deposit her dry-shod at the foot of the steep, exposed stairway, to be shepherded into the church under the vast black, practical brollies of the tropical North.

Disappointing it was, not only for the bride, but also for the whole town.

For this was a very special bride.

She was Nancy D'Addona, the darling of the town, the pride of the North, and truly as pretty a bride as you'd find anywhere; just five feet nothing packaged in sweet perfection, with black hair, great dark eyes, high cheekbones, with a flawless creamy complexion.

Everybody knew Nancy, the first-born of Vince and Angelina D'Addona.

On leaving school (she had boarded at Herberton College on the Tableland), Nancy had joined the staff of a Mossman bank.

As a secretary, bilingual



**FLOWERGIRLS** were Catherine Brischetta and Catherine D'Addona, and the pageboy, Viska Cetinich. Here the three, dressed for the occasion, are with the beautiful bride.



# • **Cyclone Flora** was on the rampage so the bride left barefoot on her honeymoon

Nancy had also been invaluable as an interpreter.

Nancy's mother was a local girl — born at Port Douglas, a few miles south of Mossman; and her mother's three sisters, all married, with a number of children, lived in Mossman.

And Nancy's father had lived in the district since the age of 13.

Vince D'Addona, born in San Lupo, 65 miles south of Naples, had come to Australia in 1932 with his mother and younger brother, Dony.

A third brother, Hugo, was born in 1933.

Their father, Giuseppe, had come to Australia in 1928, had started in market-gardening in Bairnsdale, Vic., and was cane-cutting at Mossman when he sent for his wife and sons.

Thereafter the D'Addona story is simple, and typical of the hard-working Italians of the Far North canefields: battling through the depressed 'thirties, gradually acquiring cane farms of their own, their fortunes rising and falling through the ups and downs of the sugar industry.

## **Cut cane**

Vince's father grew cane on a 22-acre leasehold at Cassowary, near Mossman, which he acquired in 1934.

Vince helped him until 1941, when he went into the 51st Infantry Battalion ("I went from private to private in five years," he laughed).

Vince married Angelina when on leave in 1944.

She was sixteen.

"I had £15, no more, and my private's pay," said Vince.

When demobbed, Vince got three months' leave pay plus £190 deferred pay. He cut cane.

By the end of the season he had £500—enough for a deposit on a farm at nearby Whyanbeel, in partnership with his father.

Five years later Vince sold out to his father and bought a leasehold farm at Cassowary. Then he bought his present freehold property, on which he cuts 1900 tons of cane a year.

He sold the leased farm in 1958 and this year added to his freeholding by buying the adjoining farm, which cuts 700 tons.

Vince's parents, meanwhile, retired to Fivedock, Sydney.

Their youngest son lives with them. The middle son runs a delicatessen at Abbotsford, Sydney.

So there today is Vince, sitting pretty, a man of property (he also owns two holiday flats and three blocks at Newell Beach, near Moss-

man), cutting 2600 tons of cane yearly (fetching now about £5/10/- a ton gross, out of which comes about 40 per cent. overhead).

His fine, modern, three-bedroomed bungalow sits (with his late-model Fairlane in the carport) in the middle of Cassowary Valley, a lovely place carpeted with cane, with Cassowary Creek coursing by the rear of the homestead.

The children (after Nancy came Joe, 15, Romona, 12, and Catherine, 6) swim in the cool, clear creek.

All around are the rain-forested mountains of Rex Range.

The house is called "Bundallia," meaning "house among the hills."

It's not a bad showing for 18 years' work from a virtually bare-handed start.

And now it was his Nancy's wedding day.

Nancy's choice was a former bank colleague, Bevin John Reis, 21, a tennis player ("but no cane-cutter," he smiled) standing six feet three over Nancy's five feet nothing.

Bevin, son of Jack and Daphne Reis, of Wynnum (Brisbane) — where Jack is an appliance retailer — had been posted to Mossman by his bank soon after Nancy joined the staff.

Her first thought on seeing the newcomer was a not particularly romantic: "My, he's a tall one."

They got engaged last July when Bevin was posted to Giru, 300 miles south.

He has since been posted to Sandgate, near Brisbane.

The couple now need only four walls and a roof — they've got just about everything else that makes a home, for the wedding presents included orders for bedroom, lounge and dining suites, and a buffet, television set, refrigerator, dinnerware, glassware, cutlery, linen, the lot — an array that said much for both the popularity of the couple and the generosity and prosperity of the town (through the hands of Mossman's working population passes £4 million a year).

If the rain rather spoiled the public show, dampening the pink gowns of the three bridesmaids (Robin Bunn, 19, a neighbor, and Nancy's cousins, Adelina Di Palma, 17, and Vanda Puglisi, 14) and de-creasing the smart dark suits of pageboy Visko Cetinich (son of Uncle Frank, the Yugoslav husband of a sister of Mrs. D'Addona), of the two groomsmen (Harry Miller and Joe D'Addona) and the best man (Peter Linton), it was at least held at bay by the town hall reception.

This went on into the small hours, with a din that outdid Flora's raging.

The 550-odd guests ranged from toddlers to oldsters.

A determined member of the wedding party was Bevin's maternal grandmother, Mrs. Grace Ada Macaulay.

Nearly 87, she made the first plane trip of her life from Brisbane to see Bevin, her favorite, go off.

It was a sit-down reception, with eight hall-length tables piled with food and drink set out earlier in the day by hard-working ladies and children.

## **250 chickens**

There was no need to tell the young ones to keep their elbows off the table; no room.

Packed elbow to elbow, guests tucked into 250 chickens, one and a half 120lb. pigs, three hams and two legs of pickled pork, half a yearling, a lot of Italian sausage, and thirty dozen eggs and some dozen loaves of bread; and sailed into fifteen 18-gallon kegs and 26 dozen bottles of beer and 30 dozen bottles of soft drink. Plus cakes and jellies, fruits, nuts, and sweets.

They didn't leave much. A number of the cakes and things were cooked by the bride.

Nancy loves cooking and hopes to build her husband up on her specialties, such as passionfruit delicia, a

mouth-watering baked milk-and-eggs pudding with a cake crust on top and a passion-fruit cheese underneath.

The couple planned to leave that night for Cairns.

But they'd forgotten about Flora.

Bevin found his car parked at Nancy's grandmother's place, made inaccessible by rising waters.

So they spent their first night at the Mossman Hotel, whose proprietress, Mrs. Biancolli, had kept a double room on a hunch that they wouldn't get away.

Next morning Nancy, after breakfasting (on steak) cosily with her husband and her in-laws, packed her yellow-and-gold going-away outfit and, with a bow to Flora, changed into deep purple toreador pants and pink polka-dot blouse and the North's favorite wet weather footwear—bare feet.

This reporter caught up with them later on the Cook Highway, the 47-mile glamor road of the North that skirts wide, secluded palm and oak-fringed beaches, where mountains walk into the sea and caravanners linger—the romantic road where they had done some courting.

They were not to go far that day, or for several days.

Flora dumped over 20in. on Ingham, 200 miles south, and cut highway and railway.

But when last seen Mr. and Mrs. Bevin Reis didn't seem to be noticing the weather.



**HONEYMOONERS** Nancy and Bevin Reis make their first stop at Rex Lookout, overlooking Trinity Bay (named by Captain Cook). They see not only a lovely view—but a big storm breaking over the tropical town of Cairns. The storm caught them later.



**BAREFOOT BRIDE**, Nancy, about to leave on her honeymoon, with Grandma Macaulay, 86, who made her first air trip (from Brisbane) to see the wedding, and Bevin's father, Jack Reis.



# INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Island traders

By MARY BROKER

● A lot of water has passed under the bridge since I last discussed island traders. It is, in fact, more than a year ago that I looked at Burns Philp, W. R. Carpenter, and Steamships Trading.

THAT year has confirmed my opinion that this is one of the most solid growth industries available.

Increased profits and issues — two bonuses and a new issue — have been announced by all three.

Moreover, a great deal of attention has been focused on Papua-New Guinea, what with their first general election, the release of a United Nations report on the territories, the formation of two big New Guinea development companies, and plans by other companies already established for big expansion programmes.

When I last mentioned Burns Philp, "the daddy of them all," the shares were priced at 79/3.

To give you some idea of their increase in market popularity, they are now 84/3 for the 20/- unit, after a one for four bonus issue made at the end of October.

To refresh your memories: the company was formed in 1883 to take over an organisation established much earlier at Townsville by Sir James Burns and Sir Robert Philp.

The present chairman and managing director, Mr. James Burns, is a descendant of the former.

The company has vast ramifications, and operates its trading vessels between Australia, New Guinea, Singapore, the New Hebrides, and other Pacific Islands.

Stores are maintained throughout the islands, and as well in New South Wales and Queensland.

## Big holdings

At last count it owned 35 copra and cocoa plantations with near to 3000 employees, including 70 European managers and overseers.

As the chairman said in the last annual report, one of the company's "important sources of revenue is from Investments, built up over many years."

Substantial amounts of shares are held in Bankers and Traders Insurance, Queensland Insurance, and G. J. Coles, with other minor holdings such as 302,500 National Bank, 151,935 B.H.P., 72,000 David Jones, 130,098 North Broken Hill, and 209,500 M.L.C., to name but a few.

You can imagine that if these were bought gradually over the years, their book value would be much less

than their market value. Most sources guess that book value is only about fifty per cent.

One hundred shares at 84/3 would cost about £426 and at the current dividend rate of 10 per cent. would return £10 per year.

Strangely enough, Burns Philp also owns about 130,000 shares in W. R. Carpenter, while W. R. Carpenter holds about 175,000 shares in Burns Philp — rather like a mutual admiration society!

W. R. Carpenter has just celebrated its 50th anniversary — business was commenced in 1914 — and is to celebrate with a one for five bonus issue early in 1965.

The last bonus was in December, 1963, which shows just how generous the company is, and what confidence directors must have in the future.

## Widespread

Activities are similar to those of Burns Philp, comprising interests in Australia, Papua and New Guinea, Fiji, New Zealand, with offices in Canada and the United Kingdom.

Net profit in 1964 rose by 18 per cent. to over two million pounds, giving an earning rate of 36.5 per cent. on present capital.

The 5/- shares are currently 37/6, compared with 37/9 in the November before the bonus.

At this price 100 would cost about £190, and bring an income of £4/13/9 after the bonus.

Steamships Trading Company Limited is the smallest of the three, but no less active.

As well as its island trading activities, the company operates a freezing works, engineering works and shipyard, and a cordial factory at Port Moresby, a sawmill in Papua, and plantations throughout the Territory.

To give an idea of the profit record:

In 1962 net profit was £263,000, earning rate 20.9 per cent., and dividend 13 1-3rd per cent.; in 1963, £340,000, 22.9 per cent., and 13 1-3rd per cent. respectively; in 1964, £393,000, 23.5 per cent., and 13 1-3rd per cent., after a one for five new issue at 2/6 premium.

As the directors say, they can look forward to the future with confidence.

One hundred 5/- shares at 13/10 would cost about £71 and your dividend would be £3/6/8 per year.

# INGRID BERGMAN (continued from page 9)

LITTLE Ingrid, on the other hand, is neat, orderly, and feminine. She loves to dress in Sunday clothes. She is good in school and rivets her attention on a task until it's done. She draws carefully and well, loves the theatre — acting and dancing. She is slimmer than Isa, and more delicate.

Robertino, or Robin, as we call him, has a strong Scandinavian streak. He is full of a quiet reserve, a holding back. He is not as free as the twins, who are Italian in spirit. Robin appears much older than his 14 years.

For a time the twins and Robin lived in Paris so that they could be with Mamma, but their father insisted that the children have an Italian education in Rome.

That summer I fell in love with Italy and the Italian people. This is why I say I'm Italian by adoption. The family camaraderie in Italy, the buoyant expression of feeling, the loving care, and consideration for others — all this provided an armor against loneliness.

I was impressed with the way girls lived with their parents until they married. They wouldn't dream of renting an apartment of their own. Nor would they send their mothers to old-age homes. They live together.

Swedes prefer aloneness with nature, walking through dark forests or desolate beaches by themselves. In Italy, whenever you're free to get away from it all, you go to the most crowded resort.

Mamma loves Italy, too, and that summer revealed how much we had missed in the way of companionship and family affection.

In the fall I returned to California to finish my studies. My major was history and government, and I received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Mills College in Oakland.

Prior to my graduation, I married Fuller Calway, a handsome, towering engineer. Fuller was 28, I was 21. By marrying, I naively believed I was solving all my problems. Mamma wasn't there to wish me good luck, but she sent gifts and warm blessings.

Neither Fuller nor I was ready for marriage. Fuller was intelligent, hypersensitive, and a complex genius. I was a young girl who looked forward to candlelight dinners for two and playing house. Our marriage lasted one year and a half.

In the fall of 1961, I enrolled at Stanford University to study drama and the history of the theatre. The following summer I began to take long holidays in Europe at Mamma's French country house, surrounded by her garden of roses and tulips and a cool woods of gargantuan firs.

In 1958 Mamma had married Lars, and now I began to get to know him, and the staff, and Mamma's pets (I love the name of her boxer, Musa Mia, "My Muse").

Lars is tall, blond, gentle-voiced, and very amusing. He



Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in "Gaslight," for which she won the 1944 Oscar. Her other Oscar was for "Anastasia."

works very hard producing hit musicals and plays throughout Europe.

Seeing Mamma in France that year stirred a dormant desire in my heart. When Mamma starred in "Joan of Arc" in Hollywood, I played a small girl in the crowd. (I was paid 100 dollars, all in nickels, pennies, and dimes in a bag. Like Ebenezer Scrooge, I saved every cent for years, and counted it often. To this day I don't remember spending it. Mamma finally put it in a bank account for me.)

My heart recalled the thrill of that moment, my first and only appearance in a movie. All through my years in Hollywood, I was asked, "Are you going to be a great actress, too — like your mother?"

Though I secretly yearned to try some day, I always answered with a loud, "No!" It was lunacy to attempt to do what Mamma did so well and be criticised for "not being as good."

But, visiting Mamma in Europe, I came to terms: Wouldn't it be better to try than to fear the comparison all my life? If I didn't do it now, would I regret it? Wouldn't it be awful to be 50 and never have given myself the chance?

Mamma neither encouraged nor discouraged me. "If it's what you want to do," Mamma said, "nothing will stop you. Think it over. Are you sure?"

Several friends branded Mamma as jealous, but I knew better. Until then, Mamma and I had never discussed acting. We had only talked about plays and my opinions of them.

I got a job as a receptionist at UNESCO in Paris, and studied acting privately at night. Then I went to London to be drilled in voice and speech and acting.

About a year ago, I began to try out for small parts. Oddly, I had never stood on a stage until then, and I made a blithering fool of myself during auditions.

Mamma had been coached for months before she put a foot in a theatre. Nonetheless, I was determined to find out for myself whether I could be an actress, despite remarks from friends who suggested other careers.

But audition after audition proved that producers wouldn't take a chance on my vast inexperience. How was I to begin?



JUST MARRIED. Pia Lindstrom, 21, and her husband, engineer Fuller Calway, 28. It lasted only 18 months.

Who do you think arranged my first lucky break? Roberto Rossellini.

Mamma told him of my aspirations, and he called Vittorio De Sica and asked if there were a role for me in his new movie, "Marriage Italian Style."

De Sica let me read for him, and then signed me for a bit role as a cashier who is kissed by Italian star Marcello Mastroianni. All I say is one word: "Why?" But the experience before the cameras was thrilling and invaluable.

Next, the Athenian director Michael Cacoyannis offered me the small role of the Russian peasant girl in "Zorba the Greek," with Anthony Quinn. Both Mr. De Sica and Mr. Cacoyannis were courageous to try me out.

I know I will be compared with my mother in her latest film, "The Visit," and not with her first film in Sweden.

What embarrasses and frightens me, however, is the undue publicity my tiny roles may get because of Mamma.

Certainly I'll be pleased if I have a shred of her talent. If I fail, at least I have the pleasure of knowing I tried.

## Mamma seems so young

How I wish now I had been allowed to see Mamma's movies when I was a child. But the love plots were too involved, I was told whenever I begged to see her on screen.

As I catch up with them now on The Late Show or in a village movie house in Europe, I find them hard for me to judge — like Papa's surgery.

When I look at Mamma on the screen, I am impressed with her youthfulness today. In her late forties, she is gay and looks younger all the time. She appears more animated, always buzzing with ideas and seeking new friends.

Papa seems older. He is tall with greyish-hair, expressive storm-grey eyes, bushy eyebrows, and a lean, fair face. He has fine hands and an athlete's physique.

He, too, has a stage presence. Papa is a born raconteur, and adores telling witty stories.

Do you know there are times when I am convinced Mamma is younger than I?

"Happiness," she has said, "depends on good health and a bad memory." She believes in the old cliché, "You're just as young as you feel," and is never bored or blasé.

Her secret is that she is not afraid to laugh at herself. When we watch her first American film, "Intermezzo" — she owns a print, and we screen it at Choiseul — Mamma



With Cary Grant in "Notorious," 1946. "Mamma is not afraid to laugh," says Pia. "She howls at herself in the old 'Intermezzo.'"

howls with laughter because she can't play any musical instrument, yet there she is playing the piano like a master.

Other movies of Mamma's that I like are "Indiscreet," a sophisticated romance with Cary Grant, and "Anastasia," which touched me deeply.

Although I've never seen it, my hunch is that I would like "For Whom the Bell Tolls" with Gary Cooper the best. Mamma is so beautiful in the stills, so perfect.

On sleepless nights after I see Mamma's movies I wonder: who am I and where am I? Am I Ingrid Bergman's daughter or Pia Lindstrom? Which? Or both? Am I a girl without a country? Where will I be a year hence?

This much I know. Mamma and I are no longer afraid. We were strangers. Now we are sisters.

It's too difficult to be bitter about bygone days. Mamma has taught me that only when you try to understand others can you forgive.

In Rome I look after Isa, Ingrid, and Robin. In America I play with Papa's children by his new wife, Agnes. Lars Schmidt is like a stepfather, and Roberto Rossellini is a special friend. The world is open, and I am determined to find out where I fit.

I was disillusioned in childhood, but now the cockleburrs are gone from my heart. At last Mamma and I are together, yet we have learned to be apart.





**BRIDAL GROUP:** Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Reid after their marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill, with attendants (left to right) Dr. Sandra Martin, Dr. Katherine Stanley, Miss Diana Clarke, Mrs. Michael Paul, and Mrs. John Donnan. The bride was formerly Miss Annette Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey, of Lakemba, who gave a reception at Menzies Hotel. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reid.



**AT RECEPTION:** The president of the Australian-Korean Society, Brigadier C. P. W. Meredith (right), with Miss Pam Scott and Mr. Robert Murdoch at the reception at the home of the Korean Ambassador, Mr. Dong Whan Lee, at Darling Point. Brigadier and Mrs. Meredith welcomed the 100 guests as they arrived.

## SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons ROUNDABOUT

**WITH** the holiday season in full swing, many city families have joined the annual trek up-country, interstate, and to the beach, where many country people are already enjoying their yearly spell at the seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Williams will spend a few days with the Charles Sutherlands at "The Chase," Moss Vale, and then go on to Cooma to inspect the "little bit of bush" where they are planning to build a fishing cottage.

TWO holidays for Mrs. Edmund Collins, who will spend ten days at Palm Beach from January 11 with Dr. Collins, and then, in February, go to Terrigal for two weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Penfold, and their two children, Melissa and Andrew.

AT present staying with Dr. and Mrs. Ross Hayes at Bellevue Hill, Melbourne visitor Mrs. E. J. Campbell, of Hawthorn, drove up by car from Victoria for two weeks. Her son, Charles, followed her up by plane.

HOLIDAY in the country for Dr. and Mrs. Max Halliday, who are staying with Mrs. Halliday's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McIntyre, at "Willowroo," Tingha. Mrs. Halliday drove up, and en route left her daughter, Kathie, and her nephew, Jamie Hayes, at the Bundarra Pony Camp for ten days.

OFF to the beach on January 3 for a fortnight are Mr. and Mrs. Ken Cohen and their children, Philip, Andrew, and Libby, who have taken the waterfront house next door to the one they occupied last year at Palm Beach.

AND already at the beach are the Ted Slys, of "Thornhill," Gunnedah, with their two daughters, Jenny and Vicki, and the Bob Carters, of "Napperby," Gunnedah, both of whom have beach cottages at Newport.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 6, 1965



**ABOVE:** Foursome Miss Dianne Neale, Mr. John Middleton, Miss Jeannie Peabody, and Mr. Dennis Boyce (left to right) at the party given by the Younger Set of the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Point Piper. Miss Sally Andrew, the president, greeted the 100 young guests.



**AT LEFT:** Miss Christine Herman and her fiancé, Mr. Robert McFarlane, who have just announced their engagement. Miss Herman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Herman, of Woollahra, and Mr. McFarlane is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. McFarlane, of Adelaide. Miss Herman is wearing a pearl engagement ring.





When you stop to think of it... isn't it a little silly of you not to be using Tampax internal sanitary protection?

Don't tell me your reasons—I don't want to hear them! Tampax is safe for anybody—married or unmarried, active or not.



Can't you just hear millions of users applauding it?... saying that it will give you poise, security, freedom, comfort!

C'mon now—join the Tampax crowd. It all but takes all the problems out of problem days. No belts, no pins, no pads, no odour.

We promise you'll be the happier for it. Tampax users just don't suffer embarrassment. And isn't that a good enough single reason to try it?

Tampax is available in 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 1d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

## PILLOW TALK

... many a pillow tells a sad tale of greasy hair and extra work for mother. Curlipet solves this problem. Curlipet hair lotion will not leave stains or marks. To give your baby or other children a healthy growth of hair, wavy, lustrous and fragrant, there's nothing better than Curlipet hair-fixing lotion. Curlipet, containing hexachlorophene, is so good for children's scalps, too, as it prevents dandruff, soothes annoying irritations and leaves the scalp hygienically clean. Give your baby or your other children a head start in life with dandruff-free, wavy and lustrous, healthy hair, trained the Curlipet way. Get Curlipet in golden yellow plastic bottles, only 4/10 at your family pharmacy.

## ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home. See our Home Plan this week.

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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## All white cats are not deaf

IN reference to Mrs. Hooper (W.A.), who had been told that all white cats were deaf. I would like to add that this is not completely true. It is only common in cats which are born with blue eyes, and is no more common in normal white cats than in any other color.

£1/1/- to Miss S. Hatton, Bankstown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IN his "Origin of Species," Charles Darwin mentions that orange-eyed and green-eyed white cats are not afflicted with deafness as are blue-eyed whites. A white cat I knew with one orange and one blue eye had partially impaired hearing. The mother (blue eyes) was deaf. Her other kitten (both eyes orange) had normal hearing. The sire, an orange-eyed white cat, heard normally. Some years ago the Cat Fancy Governing Council of W.A. allowed challenge certificates only to white cats with orange eyes. The deafness can be helped by selective breeding.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret Baxter, Applecross, W.A.

★ ★ ★

IT is not right that all white cats are deaf, but about two per cent. are handicapped in this way. Cats with other markings on the white usually have normal hearing. The reason almost all white cats with blue eyes are deaf is because they suffer from a form of albinism (lack of natural pigment of hair and eyes), which also affects hearing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Levey, Maitland, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE known one exception to the rule of white cats with blue eyes being deaf. Even if one eye is blue and the other green (not an uncommon thing in white cats), they can hear. I have a big white cat, White Christmas, with beautiful golden-green eyes, and when he is angry or excited, his eyes appear an extraordinary ruby-red. Incidentally, deaf cats can often be summoned by thumping loudly on the floor—apparently they can pick up the vibration.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. F. Stafford, Brookfield, Qld.

★ ★ ★

MY white cat, which I have owned since his birth, has quite good hearing and sight. One thing he has, which seems to be not unusual among white cats, is one eye of blue and the other of a golden amber color.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. A. Kent, North Rockhampton, Qld.

## Gift wrapper

WHEN my aunt was in hospital for six months I hit on the idea of a long-term gift by buying many small articles such as notebook and pencil, lingerie clips, earrings, a lipstick, etc., and after wrapping the first, kept adding layers of paper with a gift in each. She was instructed to remove only one wrapper a day. She and the other occupants of the ward all derived great pleasure from the idea.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. J. Innes, Zillmere, Qld.

## Friends and neighbors

MANY people are very backward in talking to and getting to know new arrivals in their street. When I moved into our street I was very lonely and had to try extremely hard to get to know the neighbors. Most of the people living close by just don't know each other to talk to, although they have all been here a while. Neighbors, please be more friendly.

£1/1/- to "Still Trying" (name supplied), Calista, W.A.

## When the lights are slow

WHILE driving in heavy traffic one day, my mother said crossly, "Oh, this wretched traffic!" At this my seven-year-old brother answered, "We're part of the traffic, too, you know." This is something we should all remember when we begin to lose our tempers in a traffic jam.

£1/1/- to Kay Park, Balmoral, Qld.

## From pillow to post

WHAT is the first thing you do when you get home after a holiday? My family all try to be the first in, to see if there is any post. Then the kettle is put on, for a decent cup of tea—made the way WE like it. And then I go into my bedroom to lie down on my very own, very, very comfortable bed.

£1/1/- to "Mavis" (name supplied), East Malvern, Vic.

## New course for Mrs. Beeton

CAN'T possibly agree with Mrs. Grossbeil that cooking lessons in high schools should be abandoned in favor of first-aid. Both are invaluable, but first-aid can be learned in many youth and adult organisations through liaison with either the St. John Ambulance Brigade or Ambulance Association officers. Husbands and families of young women who haven't learned to cook will probably have need for all first-aid available.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. S. King, Terrigal, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

NEIL JENKINS, 14, had been to a horror movie—Mother-in-Law of Frankenstein.

"How did you like it?" I asked. He replied in a glum tone: "The picture was good, but I had to pay full price. It was Strictly Adults Only."

Neil explained that he had gone to the theatre wearing shorts in the hope of getting in for half price. Most of the other boys there had done the same. He did not think it was a fair go.

The classification of horror films as Adults Only may make theatre owners happy, but it distresses many customers.

Getting in for half price is important to boys and girls who go to the pictures with their pocket-money. In fact, it is important wherever the money comes from.

If you pay half price, there is that much more to spend on ice-cream and chips.

As a rule at theatres everyone aged 12 and over is supposed to pay full price. But kind box-office ladies

## HALF PRICE

often stretch a point in doubtful cases.

That is why, in our district, boys and girls of 13 and 14 wear two sorts of leisure clothes.

One kind of outfit—slacks and sporty shirt—makes them look older



than they are. This is for general activities.

The other kind makes them look younger than they are: shorts and sandals for boys, frilly dresses for girls. These clothes are for going to the pictures.

On trains people can travel for half fare up to the fifteenth birthday and for nothing up to the fourth. On buses it is half fare under 15, free

travel under five, but only if the passenger does not occupy a seat.

These rules make further demands on acting ability. Boys of 15 have to ask for railway tickets in squeaky voices. Young ladies of the same age wear little-girl hair ribbons on public transport.

I know of whole families with age problems. The Hinkseys, for example, spend much of their lives in a kind of show business, impersonating younger people.

Little Wendy, four, is O.K. on buses; on trains her mother puts her in a stroller to make her look three. At the pictures she is carried as a child in arms.

Martin, six, pays half fare on trains and occupies a seat. On buses his mother sits him on her knee and he travels for nothing.

Nora, 14, can be her age on buses, but at the pictures she dresses like Alice in Wonderland.

Gary, 15, has given up trying to get in half price at the pictures, but he does a little-boy act at railway stations.

That is one advantage of being my age: you don't have to pretend. You pay in full for everything.



## NOW FOR '65

With toasts and gaiety and shouts  
We'll stifle staunchly any doubts  
And hail again the midnight chimes  
As we have done uncounted times.  
(Don't count. Inaccuracy's wise,  
For that way optimism lies.)

And some in lonely rooms will hear  
The whistles of the glad New Year,  
But, solitary or jammed in mobs,  
We'll hope for love, success in jobs,  
For health, for money, and — oh, yes,  
That simple treasure, happiness,  
While in our hearts we're well aware  
How transient it is, how rare,  
And that at best we may contrive  
To glimpse it sometimes — and survive.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

## This can save a life

THIS idea may help someone. A small girl had a bracelet round her wrist engraved with name, phone number, and "allergic to penicillin." In case of an accident, what a help to both doctor and patient!

£1/1/- to "Allergy" (name supplied), Canberra, A.C.T.

## For batter or worse

BEING a newlywed, could the old cake hands tell me if this makes any difference? I have been told my cake-making attempts fail because I stir my mixture both clockwise and anti-clockwise.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. S. Bunyon, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

## Should guests wash dishes?

WHAT is wrong with dinner guests washing up after a meal? I'm tired of being left with piles of dirty dishes to do at midnight, just because I'm too soft to accept my friends' vague offers of help. Let's change an outmoded convention.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Carol Klumpp, Lewisham, N.S.W.





# HELEN'S GONE A-DROVING

By R. M. McCALL

● For nine months of this year a large mob of cattle was on the road from Queensland to Victoria, driven by three men and three-year-old Helen Wakeman.

ABOVE: Helen Wakeman with her pony, Kloon. This year the Wakemans refused an offer of £200 for it, for the pony and its mistress are inseparable.

BELOW: While Helen helps drive the mob, Mrs. Wakeman drives the truck-and-caravan ahead to the next camp site, boils the washing, cooks the hot meal.

HELEN is as much at home on horseback as her father, Jack Wakeman, and his two "ringers," Wally Barrett and Mick Brown. Each day of the trek she saddled her Shetland pony, Kloon, and rode from dawn to dark with the bullocks and steers.

Her mother, Pat Wakeman, the mobile "housekeeper" of the outfit, drove ahead with a caravan to the next resting paddock, where the mob grazed overnight.

A Victorian grazier, Mr. R. Richardson, of Wodonga, each year buys about 1100 Hereford and Aberdeen Angus cattle from various points in central western Queensland and engages Mr. Wakeman to drive them south for his own use and for sale.

The Wakemans travel the modern droving way.

A late-model three-ton truck is fully equipped with beds for Wally and Mick and carries a bottled-gas refrigerator for the fresh meat and vegetables — and the ice-blocks for Helen.

The truck tows a family caravan which would be the envy of many a modern holiday-maker with its spacious cupboards, gleaming kitchen, and luxury fittings.

Helen has her own compartment with a little bed and the inevitable teddy-bear so dear to three-year-olds.

Already she knows the ways of cattle. The very first thing she was taught was never to run among them.

The cattle are trained for a fortnight before leaving Queensland. The men ride around the beasts at night "talking and sing-

ing them." In this way the mob gets accustomed to the team.

At dawn each day during the trek all cattle must be counted. Jack Wakeman starts to move the herd in 100 lots and as each section passes he ties a knot in his whip.

The route varies somewhat from year to year, for it is plotted carefully by stock and station agents to ensure good pastures and water on the way, and the team must keep to a timed schedule. For the whole of the nine months' journey it is possible to predict where the outfit will be at any time.

The men never leave the cattle and virtually sleep with them. The beasts are sensitive and nervous, and constant watch must be kept to avoid stampedes. Even a rabbit can be a menace.

After the cattle are moved each morning Pat Wakeman washes the breakfast dishes, tidies the camp, and leaves with truck and caravan for the next stopping-place.

Here she makes camp and cooks the hot meal. Generally the washing is done in containers boiled over an open fire.

Does she like the life? "I wouldn't exchange it for any other," she said.

"It's a healthy living. Helen has had only one illness and that was contracted when we were in the city."

And pert little Helen looked the perfect picture of happiness as she rode Kloon around the cattle, talking and singing just as stockmen have done throughout the years.

The Wakemans live at Moree, N.S.W. Right now they're taking their annual three months' holiday before the next muster.





# Adelaide folksingers hit the top



**HARMONICA GROUP** the Des Bettany Trio, of "The Country and Western Hour." Leader Des Bettany is a teacher. His successful group is one of two that regularly appear on the show, now telecast in four States.



**ROGER CARDWELL** (left), compere of the show, is noted, too, for folksinging. Roger is featured in every edition of the show.

**THE DEL RIOS** (right) are a regular group. The attractive blonde in the centre is **Merrilyn Hawke**, wife of Test cricketer Neil Hawke.



**BLOND Tina Lawton** appears in each edition of "The Country and Western Hour." Tina, who is an art student by day, has become one of the most sought-after folksingers in Australia.

● The world-wide vogue for folksinging has carried Channel 9's "Country and Western Hour" from a purely experimental Adelaide TV show to one with a national audience. It is enjoyed mainly for its folksinging, ballads, and other tuneful music.

"The Country and Western Hour" is seen on TCN9, Sydney (4 p.m., Sundays); GTV9, Melbourne (1 p.m., Saturdays); NWS9, Adelaide (7.30 p.m., Saturdays); QTQ9, Brisbane (10.30 p.m., Saturdays).

## Television





# Riddle for historians in A.D. 3000

By NAN MUSGROVE

● In centuries to come, researchers looking at ancient, unearthed documents may be puzzled by today's TV programmes and the connection between the practice of yoga and the study of time.

FOR today's viewers the connection is simple — yoga wakes you up to study time.

The explanation of this kind of Mad Hatter's tea-party talk is that TCN9 is once more using yoga as the wake-up session to get viewers receptive to their 7 a.m. telecasts of this year's Nuclear Research Foundation Summer Science School lectures.

The lectures this year are all about time.

Two of the world's leading cosmologists, Professor Hermann Bondi, of London University, and Professor Thomas Gold, of Cornell University, U.S.A., will lecture.

Bondi's subject will be "Time and Relativity," Gold's "The Arrow of Time," and the local boys, Professors Messel and Butler, will deal with "The Relation of Geological and Biological Time."

Also very much with the Summer School will be physics firebrand Professor Julius Sumner Miller, who is scheduled to give a course of "six spirited practical lecture demonstrations" which alone would make the sessions worth getting up to watch.

Walt Disney has christened Professor Miller "Professor Wonderful" in a new series of Mickey Mouse Shows which Miller has made for him.

I sat on the sidelines and watched Professor Miller make a series of TV documentaries, "Great Moments in Science," for TCN9, which will be released soon. I think Disney has described him perfectly.

## Relax and learn

Roma Blair has chosen to concentrate on two types of yoga exercises in her 6.50 a.m. wake-up session — breathing and exercises for the back and stomach muscles.

I asked her why, and she told me the breathing is to relax viewers and make them more receptive, and the exercises will cut out muscle strain from posture during long periods of sitting, watching, and studying.

It sounds a wonderful package deal for viewers, but there's more to these telecasts than that. Take a look at the specially chosen audience of 133 fourth-year high-school students.

They were chosen from 1000 applicants for the

Summer School Scholarships by the N.S.W. Department of Education and the Science Teachers' Association.

There are 99 boys and 41 girls from New South Wales, two students from each of the other States, and three from New Zealand.

Oscar Guth, executive assistant in the School of Physics, is organising the Summer Science School for Professors Messel and Butler — billeting, catering, and the movement of the group from A to B for demonstrations and tours.

He spoke sharply to me when I said there must be some headaches and problems involved in the organisation.

"Not at all," he said. "These young people are the cream of Australia's youth, and they behave like



the cream. There has never been a problem of any kind.

"These are the brainiest kids in Australia. Their average class marks in all subjects is in the 90s.

"There is no horseplay, no disturbance from them in lectures, there is simply a vital and genuine interest in learning.

"They belong to that very, very precious 10 per cent. of the nation — the 10 per cent. that is superior man."

Of New South Wales students, two-thirds come from State schools, one-third from private schools.

Each student is presented with a handsome book entitled "Time," containing the entire lecture material of the summer school, and a silver commemorative medal.

And in the most human touch of all, the Nuclear Research Foundation at the end of the school presents each student with a cheque for £20 — a bonus for giving up their holidays to study.

Don't miss seeing these brilliant kids and hearing the lectures. They start on Tuesday, January 5, at 6.50 a.m. (yoga), 7 a.m. (lectures), and continue at that time every day except weekends till January 29.

Don't think the telecasts are only for egg-heads. They have a fund of information and entertainment even if you are — like me — somewhat unacademic.

THERE'S consternation on the campus (or whatever it is American high schools have) at the announcement that Dean Jagger, who plays the role of high-school principal Albert Vane in "Mr Novak," has had to retire because of ill health.

Producer of the show, Leonard Freeman, is searching for an experienced replacement but has had no luck so far.

Jagger, who has been suffering from stomach ulcers for some time, missed many days of work on the series last year.

"After some weeks he came back and we thought he was better," Freeman said. "But then he started to feel worse and worse.

"Finally he had to go to hospital.

"He'll recover, but his doctor has asked him to take a vacation for a while."

All I hope is that the new principal doesn't wear reading glasses as Jagger did. He put them on and took them off so often that it was all I could see when he was on the screen sometimes.

## A good man goes to waste!

RAYMOND BURR'S home in Malibu has become an aerial landmark to pilots who fly over it.

Burr was delighted when an airline pilot told him this recently.

The entire 180ft. cliff-face on his property is planted with plants and shrubs. There are 186 steps leading down to the beach and, according to the pilot, Burr's cliff is the only green one along the coastline in the Malibu area.

Burr is an amateur botanist and the 2½ acres of garden round the house is a dream, planted with hundreds of varieties of flowers, shrubs, and trees.

At present Burr's house has 12 rooms, but he is building a wing which will soon turn it into a 24-room mansion.

Burr is a widower and does not need the space for himself. He says he hopes in the future to turn it all over to a foundation of some kind for the promotion of better communication among people.

In the meantime, his nephew, Frank Viti, 23, and niece, Phyllis Zillo, 20, live with him, as do his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnston Burr.

Burr doesn't spend as much time as he'd like at

Malibu — Perry Mason sees to that — but weekends find him there, busy in the garden and the house or down on the beach fishing.

He's a great man for pets, too. He breeds Australian silkies (he has nine of them) and there are three Sicilian donkeys (Judy, Joyce, and Tony) and two English sheepdogs, both named George.

He has no servants, no help either in the house or garden. That foundation is a noble idea, but to a woman it does seem that Burr is going to waste without a wife.

★ ★ ★ ANYONE who saw the effervescent red-haired Kay Stevens last year on television or during her season at Chequers nightclub will cheer at the news that Screen Gems has put her under contract for a TV series.

Kay is young (about 24), still on the way up, and a pearl among the many entertainers who have visited Australia.

She is a comedienne and a singer and her nightclub act is terrific. Screen Gems plan a pilot film for the new series for the 1965-66 American TV season.

These days we are so up with the American programmes that that means we'll probably have it towards the end of 1965, too.

## Burke beat the sponsors

AMERICA'S advertising sponsors have far, far more influence than their counterparts in Australia.

Recently David Janssen, who plays "The Fugitive" (soon to be seen again on TCN9), was asked to appear as a guest on "The Bob Hope Show." He had to turn it down when his sponsor objected.

The trouble was that Janssen's show is sponsored by Ford cars, Bob Hope's by Chrysler.

Just after this Gene Barry, who is suave Captain Amos Burke, of "Burke's Law," was asked to be a guest on "The Andy Williams Show" in the American A.B.C. network.

The N.B.C. network, which shows "Burke's Law," objected strongly. Burke is evidently a smoother talker than Janssen, because eventually Barry, looking like the cat who has just had a saucer of bootleg cream, appeared triumphant on "The Andy Williams Show."



RAYMOND BURR is a keen gardener. His cliff-top property is a landmark for airline pilots flying over the Californian coast.

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Mamma once said to me, when I was on edge and very nervous, "Why don't you go fishing?" (Mamma happens to love fishing.) "Fishing is probably the most relaxing sport in the world. Not only do you get plenty of fresh air, but just staring at the line has a hypnotic effect; you will find a sort of inner peace. There are so many different types of fishing — deep-sea, river, lake, pond, spear-fishing, and even fishing through the ice like the Eskimos. There is nothing like the great outdoors to make you realise how small your own problems are. I think maybe that's why the good Lord made three-quarters of the world's surface water — so that people could go fishing and forget their worries..." So, if you are run down or worried about your problems, why not try it? I'd be willing to bet you'll forget your cares and woes in an hour.

Mamma's moral: Isn't it a shame that the only fishing through the ice that some people do is for olives.



## Beginning or End?

"What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?" (Psalm 89:48)

Death is only the transition from this world to the next. There our soul is clothed in a spiritual body with senses suited to our life in that world.

We are free to become either an angel of heaven or an evil spirit of hell. We shall want to be with those who think and act as we do. We shall do there the things that we wanted to do here.

"In My Father's house are many mansions" (John 14:2)

"If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there" (Psalm 139:8)

Emanuel Swedenborg's book 'Heaven and Hell' can tell you more about this subject. Borrow it and others by the same author from your Public Library, or direct from The New Church Book Room, 55/65 Clarence Street, Sydney.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 6, 1965

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# THE PHANTOM LOVER

A romantic short story

By EILEEN  
HERBERT JORDAN

THE summer I was fourteen years old, my sister, Marilee, was twenty-one. That was the year she really became a big butterfly. She never had been a caterpillar, of course; she had been a little butterfly who simply grew larger as each season came along. So far as allure was concerned, Marilee was finished when she was twelve; it is doubtful, in fact, that there ever was an unfinished moment in her life.

But that year in particular her wings were wide and gossamer; all her charms were well in hand. And she was in love. Or at least she was suffering the pangs of what passed for love, as she had suffered them so many times before. Love to Marilee was spring fever in June—it came and it went, its length determined by how long it took for someone new to appear on the horizon.

This time, the man was Pete Whitehall, and it was Pete this and Pete that, Pete said and Pete thinks. He was the don't-use-the-phone-because-he-might-call one, the every-Saturday-night one. She whisked here, there, and everywhere with him, all perfume and lace, while I watched. If

she stopped to glance over her shoulder at me, all her eyes said was "hopeless." I was sure her eyes were accurate.

A girl like Marilee, who looks in the mirror and sees what she saw, doesn't have much use for dreaming—the real thing is quite good enough. A girl like me, however, who sees what I saw at fourteen, can't really do anything else. What I saw was, to say the least, disheartening.

In the first place, that June, when I had graduated from the grammar school, where I had worn a navy-blue pleated skirt, and enrolled in the high school, where I would wear a navy-blue pleated jumper, Marilee had condescended to assist my mother in giving me my first home permanent. Whether home permanents are better now than they were in those days or whether my hair, along with the rest of me, resisted any blandishments of the cosmetic industry, I will never know.

I know only that when I emerged from the neutraliser, my head had undergone a change. The hair did not curl, it frizzed. It frizzed triumphantly thereafter, in rainy weather and in dry, in salt water and in sea air; it sprang away from any brush or comb that came near it. I





# Youth is the time for dreaming and every girl secretly cherishes an imaginary vision of the particular man she would choose to marry

resembled nothing so much as a young Zulu. Since I was, at the time, four feet eleven inches (are girls ever four feet eleven inches any more?), the main impression I conveyed was that of a young Zulu standing in a hole. My dimensions—upper, lower, and middle—were approximately the same, so I was a round young one, at that.

Marilee took one look, threw up her hands, and retired to her lotions, potions, and silken tresses and her concentration on Pete Whitehall. If I found a dream thereafter, it would be hard to blame me. And later on, I did find one. I found, in fact, a phantom lover. But that is ahead of the story.

It was the general feeling of Marilee's contemporaries and family that Pete was a more serious contender for her white, white hand than had been any of those who had fallen by the wayside. To me, he seemed a sure thing. In the first place, I could not imagine anyone's saying no to Pete; you would follow him weekly all the days of your life if he just raised an eyebrow in your direction.

He was large and breezy and forceful and commanding. He was from New England, out of Arizona, and the winds from the plains still blew all around him, ruffling his clothes, lending him a perpetually bronzed and windblown look. Nothing about him was small—his smile, his laugh, his voice, his handshake. He was the person you noticed first in any room and the one you remembered longest.

That summer, he was driving a tiny English Ford, and the remark had been made that Pete did not drive that car, he wore it. But wear it or not, it was parked at our house with great regularity, and off Marilee went with him in it, a series of gauzy chiffon scarves binding her hair and framing her face in just the proper manner.

In addition to the drive of his personality, there was the indisputable fact that in July he invited Marilee to spend a weekend at his home in Massachusetts. Pete was working as an engineer in Manhattan and occupying a small furnished apartment on the West Side of the city, so a brief return to the fold with a girl like Marilee was, of course, significant.

Pete came from a large family—he was one of seven; five of them boys—a fact Marilee was only dimly aware of until that weekend.

The evening she returned, she sank back among the foamy cushions of her chaise-longue and shuddered ever so delicately. "I don't believe there are seven," she said. "I'm sure there are thirty, at least. And one of them I didn't even meet—the glamor boy, the one who is going to Harvard."

She nestled into the chaise. "But I have never seen so many people, I have never heard so many people in my entire life. So much noise, and so many dishes, so many glasses, so many pots and pans." Her hands fell exhausted into her lap, as though she had washed every dish. "Doors kept banging open and banging closed," she said. "It was like living in a dormitory. I don't know how they all stand it."

Marilee loved tinkling pianos, an intimate atmosphere, and privacy. To invade her ordered, perfumed room was like going into the sacristy in church.

"Ha," I said. "Pete will probably want ten children, and he will have you playing a den mother. I can see you—"

She threw a satin pillow at me. "Don't talk about what you don't understand," she said. "Thank heaven, he is hardly ever home. And please don't spend two hours on the telephone with Geraldine Ryan tonight. Pete is supposed to call about the weekend."

I spent two hours on the telephone with Geraldine Ryan every night, discussing the problems of being fourteen. It required at least that long to cover them, and the thing we had the most of was leisure time in which to do it.

I don't recall now precisely which of those festive weekends became my weekend, although I believe it was late in the summer. It began early in the week, on an evening when Marilee left the telephone alcove after an hour with Pete, sat down, and regarded me thoughtfully. Since mainly she never regarded me at all, this in itself marked something.

"Bugs," she said slowly at last, "do you know—"

"Marilee, please," my mother said. "She is fourteen now. Betty Ann, please."

One of the things about my life is the fact that when I was eighteen months old I swallowed a beetle and acquired a nickname.

"Well, Betty Ann, then," Marilee said. She leaned forward. "Do you know that it's about time you began developing some—uh, graces?"

"Graces?" I said.

"Yes. Girls are starting younger than they did even when I was your age. It's time for—for social intercourse."

My father's newspaper flapped. "For what?" he said.

Marilee ignored the flap and proceeded smoothly. "Boy-and-girl business. You want to be ready for it. You want to begin thinking tall, thinking pretty, practising—" She paused. "And you're in luck. It just happens that Pete's little brother is coming to New York this weekend."

"One of the thirty, you mean?" I said.

"Seven. And this one is just your age, he just graduated from grammar school, too, and—well, it would be a fine chance for you to do some practising."

Deep down inside I knew that Pete's little brother was about to spoil Marilee's weekend and she was aiming to do something about it. But as she talked on soothingly, I began to grow rather rapt, despite myself, mesmerised by her approach. It was similar to the approach she used on every man she met. Obviously, she was capable of using it on anyone. Besides, it was the longest conversation she had had with me all summer and the first time she had indicated that I might think anything.

"So I thought that Saturday night we might all go to Jones Beach," she said. "It will be nice for you kids. You can play shuffleboard or something while we're dancing. And he's only his little brother. If he's that monster I remember in the house that weekend, you haven't a thing to worry about."

She stood up, brushing her hands, having disposed of the matter without my saying a word. "So press a clean dress, eh, lamb, and be ready? And I'll tell Pete." Having given me the gift of my first date, she smiled at me benignly and departed for her perfumed boudoir.

I discussed the matter thoroughly with Geraldine Ryan, who was suitably impressed. I pressed three dresses and laid them carefully on the bed, for consideration. The truth was, on me they all looked about alike; no matter what shape they had in the beginning, they acquired a sameness as soon as I got inside them.

I finally chose one that matched my eyes—about the only virtue it had over the other two. Marilee even volunteered to come to my assistance in the lost cause of my hair, and while it resisted her as it had resisted me, I tried to ignore it. "Think pretty," I said to myself, thoroughly taken in by her advice.

Pete was driving out that Saturday evening, and Marilee and I were waiting on the back porch, since it did not face the road and one did not appear to be waiting when waiting there. Pete had evidently long since discovered this, or perhaps he was simply eager for the first glimpse of Marilee.

Invariably, he pulled into our driveway with a splattering of the pebbles and landed the car directly under the awning. He did so that night and opened the door of the car and shrugged out, as always. A moment later, the other door opened, and a tall, thin young man emerged. They approached the porch steps together.

The young man paused long enough for us to catch a certain air of elegance and a coinlike profile.

Marilee frowned. "Wait a minute," she said.

"Hi!" Pete called. He pointed a thumb toward the young man. "Guess what?" he said cheerfully. "Wrong brother."

They climbed toward us. We simply stared at them. "Some of these night-line connections are terrible," Pete said. "Hi, Bugs. Hi, Beautiful. I could have sworn Mum said Jimmy instead of Jerry. This is the fourth one from the end, not the second."

Jerry Whitehall arrived on the porch and looked about with an infinitely world-weary air.

"Marilee, this is Jerry," Pete said. "And Bugs—excuse me, Elizabeth Ann, is it? My kid brother. You got the celebrity in the family, anyway. This is the one who got into Harvard."

"Harvard?" I said.

Marilee swallowed. I happened to know that she had never dated a Harvard man in her life. We both looked at him.

Jerry was eighteen years old that summer, and he would never again be so profoundly bored. The mantle

of Harvard hung heavily on his shoulders, and the face he turned to us was as impassive as practice could make it.

"You can stare, girls, but don't curtsy to him," Pete said. "He got himself in, but he hasn't got himself out yet. Well, come on. Let's go. I understand there's going to be a summer moon tonight."

"Go?" Marilee said. "But—but do you think—"

"I certainly do," Pete said. "I think we should get started. Jerry has never even seen Jones Beach."

Jerry looked pained.

"But—but—maybe—" I said. I stopped. I was surprised that I was able to say anything. I felt as if I were rooted to the porch chair, as if it were the only possible safe place to be, and that perhaps if I sat there long enough and still enough and smiled politely enough, I might slowly fade away, like the Cheshire cat, leaving only the smile behind.

Pete rocked on his heels and looked at us. "What's the matter?" he said. "Come on." He grabbed Marilee's hand, pulled her to her feet, and led her to the screen door.

Jerry, with his eyes fixed on a region somewhere above my head, held the door, and we all piled into the car, Jerry and I in the back seat. We rode out of the village in silence and swept on to the causeway, with only Pete carrying on an intermittent conversation with no one in particular.

About halfway there, when the water rippled on both sides of the road and the shining green point of the tower was visible in the distance (and I felt that the guillotine was growing closer), the whole thing began to strike Marilee as extremely funny. Marilee, of course, had never been fourteen years old. I am reasonably sure that Jerry Whitehall had never been fourteen years old, either; but at that moment nothing could strike him as funny.

Marilee turned around until she was facing the back seat, which in that car almost put her on top of us. She dimpled at Jerry. "I wonder how in the world Pete ever got you mixed up with your brother," she said.

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It was raining very heavily when Pete unexpectedly met Betty Ann.







# AN OLD TUNE

An amusing story By JACK FINNEY

ON the sixth day he was home alone, Charley Burke walked out on to the patio, nodded at the empty chairs, saying, "Hello, everybody. Don't get up," and dropped into a lounge chair. He was wearing the tan wash pants and brown loafers he'd just changed into and the white shirt he'd worn that day in San Francisco at the office.

Now he tilted far back in the chair, his feet rising higher than his head; it was August, still daylight, and he lay staring up at the clear blue sky. He was conscious of the emptiness of the suburban house beside him, but absently so, used to it now. Then his jaw dropped, his eyes widened, and he lay motionless, staring up at the sky, paralysed by the strength of a strange new emotion.

His house, across the bay from the city, in Marin County, lay in a miniature valley; the street wound between two rows of hills. Fifty yards above the hills that rose behind the patio, a hawk hung in the air, high in the sun. He was there often, hunting field rodents; Charley had seen him before.

But now he saw him, actually, for the first time. The big bird didn't move. Wings out, he lay on an invisible column of air that pressed against the sides of the hills, to be deflected upward. He lay there magically, neither rising nor falling, moving neither forward nor back, no least movement of his wings necessary to sustain him.

Then the wings tilted, the bird dropped in a sudden swift and graceful arc and soared up again. The wings tilted back once more and again the hawk hung in the summer sky, belonging to it; and all that Charley Burke wanted of the entire world was something to be able to do that, too.

It was no idle wish. It was an overpowering seizure, a wild and passionate necessity. Its intensity drew him to his feet and he walked the patio, smiling, trying to laugh the feeling away. But there was no escape.

He was possessed by an irresistible urge to rise in silent, effortless detachment from gravity, up into the blueness till he could feel the sky around him touching his skin. And it occurred to him that he could do what he wanted to do — not in a plane fighting the air, but in a balloon.

Stepping between the open glass doors, he stood in the living-room, neat in the gathering darkness — ashtrays emptied, magazines stacked — but when he snapped on a light the room looked dusty. He stood thinking over all he knew about balloons. Mostly this was just a picture in his mind of a large, rounded object, shaped like a giant punching bag, upside down in the sky.

It was made in vertical panels of contrasting colors; a long ribbon pennant fluttered from its top; and under it hung a trapezoidal bar, on which sat a man wearing tights. He wore his hair parted in the centre, had a large moustache, and sat smiling, ankles crossed, legs dangling gracefully, a hand negligently holding to one rope of his perch.

Stitched to the chest of his tights was an American flag. This picture was supplanted by another very much like it, except that now a square basket with high sides hung under the balloon. A man stood in the basket, staring out at him; he wore a black silk hat, black frock coat, square-cut beard, pince-nez, and had a brass telescope tucked under one arm.

That was all Charley knew about balloons. He took down volume two of the encyclopedia on the living-room bookshelves, found the article on balloons, and sat down at one end of the davenport, crouched over the pages. "Balloon," the article began, "a bag of impermeable material which, when inflated with a gas lighter than air, rises from the ground."

This had almost the lift of poetry, he felt, the last four words especially, and he read it through several times, glancing up each time to smile.

Then he read everything in the article about how and why a balloon rises, descends, and is controlled, and it seemed to him as simple and effective a device as man has yet invented. Filled with a gas lighter than the volume of air it displaces, a balloon must rise. Release some of the gas and its ascent is checked or reversed. Spill ballast and its rise will resume.

The open book on his lap, Charley sat back, hands clasped behind his head, at peace with this explanation.

It was easily understood without special training — like most of the mechanical devices of the previous century. Men understood the things they used then; they were masters of the machines that served them. He felt sure that passengers riding in hydraulic elevators of the time knew how they worked, and that most of them — a forefinger on a sharp-etched wood-cut diagram — could trace through the workings of a horsecar mechanism.

Of the thousands of years men have been civilised, it is only in the past fifty, Charley thought, that things we use daily have gone beyond the understanding of most of us — our television sets, jet planes, even our automobiles today.

Most of us use them in helplessness, no longer their masters, no longer masters of very much at all any more. So that to understand the balloon was a solid satisfaction and Charley stood up and began to sing.

It was an ancient song he hadn't thought of in years and the house being empty he shouted in full voice. "Come, Josephine, in my flying machine, and it's up we'll go, up we'll go!" he yelled in sudden exuberance, and walked quickly to the garage, where he began hunting for things he needed, such as his wife's plastic clothesline and two old tennis nets.

Through that and the following two evenings, working hard and steadily, Charley made a balloon. He cut the panels from two rolls of lightweight, rubberised cloth — one was blue and one was green — which he bought in San Francisco, and stitched them together on his wife's sewing-machine. With odds and ends around the house — a wire coat-hanger, an aluminium pot lid, his wife's clothes pole — he completed the balloon, then hung it from a rope over the patio.

It could turn chilly after the sun was down, here in the San Francisco Bay area, and Charley changed into brown ski pants and jersey, light in weight but snug-fitting and very warm. Looking down at himself, it occurred to him that they somewhat resembled a balloonist's tights, and he smiled.

Finally, well after eleven at night, Charley stood on the patio beside the brick barbecue, tending a bed of coals. The electric blower was on full, the coals white hot and flameless in the forced draught, and a steady rush of hot air roared up through a stovepipe resting on the grill and into the balloon hanging overhead.

Almost instantly the long blue-and-green wrinkles of hanging cloth rising up into the night over Charley's head had begun to stir; now they were visibly distending. From a long, wrinkled prune, the balloon swelled into a thin pear, then rounded into a smooth-skinned sphere. At eleven forty-five the bag, round and tight, began to lift. Within minutes it seemed alive.

Tugging at the anchor rope tied to the barbecue, it swayed in the air; fat, buoyant, and eager. Two tennis nets hung draped over it; tied to their ends by short lengths of clothesline hung a trapezoidal seat made from half a clothes pole. Several dozen paper bags filled with sand hung from the balloon.

Charley switched off the barbecue blower and sat on the trapeze. Like a child slowly untying a gift to prolong the anticipation, he began pulling the draw-

string that would release his balloon from the anchor rope. At that moment the moon, which had been rising for some minutes, lifted an edge over the uneven horizon of hills.

Hanging under the balloon in his snug dark ski suit and a pair of heavy navy-blue wool socks, Charley saw the pale wash of light touch the windows of the empty house beside him and turn them opaque, dimly reflecting himself and the bottom of the balloon, like a faded poster from a forgotten circus. Looking up, he watched the moonlight slide up and down the striped sides of the balloon as it swayed, and he felt a surge of pride stronger than any he'd felt in years.

Of all the things he owned it suddenly occurred to him this was the only one he'd created, the only thing he hadn't bought. Of all his possessions, this was uniquely his own, and while he knew that what he was about to do could be dangerous, he didn't believe in the danger. His heart beat from joy, not fear, as he yanked hard at the rope in his hand.

Instantly the wooden bar on which he sat pressed deep into the undersides of Charley's legs and he was looking down on to his moonlit roof. Immediately the roofs of his neighbors came sliding into view from the sides; then he was looking at the street in front of his house — growing in length, shrinking in width — winding through the hills between two rows of rooftops, which were diminishing as he stared into smaller and smaller rectangles and squares.

Up through the moonlight he rose into the night in glorious silence. His only motive power was air itself, air being lifted by air; he was a weightless part of the element he was in, mingling with its breezes. Now he rose above the level of the low Marin County hills and here occasional puffs of air touched him and he drifted a little, like a ball of dandelion fluff, over the light-speckled patches and great dark areas of town and countryside spreading below him.

A hand tightly gripping each support rope, Charley sat on his wife's clothes pole, swinging slightly, pleasantly, and felt the gentle lift of the bar under his legs slacken and then stop. Mouth slightly agape, eyes wide, and heart pounding, he hung in the air then, staring down between his dangling feet at the tiny roofs and narrow, moonlit black ribbon that was the street he lived in.

A breeze touched the balloon momentarily and it slowly revolved. As he turned in the air, Charley suddenly saw over his shoulder the great shiny-black expanse of San Francisco Bay far ahead and far below. From ground level it lay behind rows of hills and could not be seen; but hanging up here in the sky, he saw it all, saw the mysterious lights of its great bridges — dotted lines of luminous orange-juice-color lights curving across the shiny blackness.

A path of moonlight silvered the water between the bridges. White mast lights moved across the ink-shiny blackness, and beyond all this was the glorious glitter of San Francisco.

The shining city, crisscrossed by the pattern of its streets, and the vast black bay edged in light on the Oakland rim, were a great living map far below his hanging feet. It was an awesome sight, incredible and beautiful. Charley shouted in delight.

The slow revolution of the balloon continued, and when Charley again faced south the bay had disappeared, the tops of the hills that concealed it rising beyond his head. The heated air in the balloon cooling in the night air, the balloon was sinking, and within minutes he knew it would gently collapse in the street directly below him. He tried to make it stop by an effort of will, tried to make himself lighter on the bar he sat on. But like an ancient, slow-moving elevator, it descended steadily until, well below the level of the surrounding hills, a breeze suddenly took it.

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With a song on their lips and joy in their hearts Charley and his companion happily floated through the air, while the balloon swung far above the earth



# CHITTY- CHITTY- BANG- BANG

Concluding instalment of our fascinating serial

By IAN FLEMING



**RETIRED** from the Royal Navy, **COMMANDER CARACTACUS POTT** invents things — some useless, some dull, but when his Whistling Sweet earns him a thousand pounds, he buys an old rusty racing car. It turns out to be a magic car with ideas of its own. One day, to beat a traffic jam, it spreads wings and flies down to Dover and lands the family on the Goodwin Sands.

The Commander, his wife **MIMSIE**, and their twins, **JEREMY** and **JEMIMA**, fall asleep and don't notice the tide coming in, but the car Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang, named after the noise it makes, wakes them. Turning into a floating craft, it takes them safely through a fog to the shores of France and into an almost concealed cave, where the family and the car are shocked at the sight of a human skeleton swaying from the ceiling. **NOW READ ON . . .**

**I**T was probably only seconds but it seemed like minutes that they sat and stared. And the empty eyeholes in the skull stared back at them, and Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's big lights showed up each separate bone.

Commander Pott spoke first, and it was good to hear his strong, human voice. "This is ridiculous," he said scornfully.

"It's nothing but a scarecrow. There are secrets in this cave and someone wants to keep them secret and frighten people away. I vote for going on." And he started the engine and the car moved slowly forward beneath the skeleton.

Now there was quite a slope upwards as the cave wound on, and the whole family was agog to discover where it led.

When they came to a perfectly straight stretch, Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang stopped dead!

"That's funny," said Commander Pott, and got out to open the bonnet. He walked to the front of the car and suddenly stopped.

"So that's it!" he said softly. "She saw the trap!" and he pointed to a very thin

wire stretched knee-high across the cave.

They saw him walk up and down the wire, looking at the ground in case there was a trap-door to catch people in.

They saw him kneel down and examine where the wire joined the wall, and he finally stood up and said: "Aha! The devils! I've got it!" and got a pair of pliers and some rubber gloves out of the car.

"What is it?" they asked. Commander Pott said cheerfully: "Oh nothing much. They're only trying to electrocute trespassers." He looked puzzled. "Funny the way Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang saw the wire and stopped just in time."

## Bright blue flash

Commander Pott put on his rubber gloves (electricity can't go through rubber) and gave one snip at the wire and sure enough there was a bright blue flash and the two halves of the wire fell dead.

And now, when he got back into the driving seat and pressed the starter, Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang went on again, on and on, and the speedometer showed they had

come a whole mile inland from the sea.

And then, round a particularly sharp bend, they were faced with a blank wall of chalk. They seemed to have come to the end of the long cave!

Commander Pott got out and examined the wall inch by inch. "It's some kind of secret door," he said.

For he had spotted, running zig-zag down the middle of the wall, a tiny crack through which a sharp draught was blowing from the other side.

Jemima, searching, tugged at a jagged piece of flint embedded in the chalk. It came away in her hand, and there in the hole beneath it was an electric light switch!

"By golly, you're a clever girl Jemima!" said Commander Pott. "Stand back, everyone." And he pressed down the switch.

From inside the walls of the cave there came a deep rumbling and grinding and, very slowly, the zig-zag crack widened and widened until the two halves of the secret door slid into deep slots. Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's lights shone ahead.



## Cave is secret arsenal

They showed up a huge, vaulted room, and all round the sides were cases and boxes and barrels and sacks neatly stacked. It was an underground warehouse — a very secret warehouse for secret things.

They began to peer into the secret stocks piled around the walls.

Jeremy shouted first. "Machine-guns," he cried excitedly.

Mimsie said: "Oh heavens! Boxes and boxes of bombs and hand-grenades."

"Daggers," called Jemima, "all kinds of them. And bayonets with rifles!"

"Well I'm dashed," said Commander Pott. "Dynamite in these cases, and yards and yards of fuse. And gelnigite—the stuff burglars use to blast open safes."

There was no doubt the family had come upon a great secret arsenal of weapons that certainly hadn't been hidden except for some secret and probably criminal purpose.

Commander Pott said: "In one of the boxes, full of coshes and knuckledusters, there's a scrap of paper that says, 'SPECIAL ORDER FOR JOE THE MONSTER, 453 BASHER STREET, SOHO, LONDON.' Now he's the man I've read about as being responsible for most of the bank robberies and hold-ups in England."

"This must be his secret arms dump, and I bet my bottom dollar he smuggles what he wants from time to time over the Channel on foggy nights by speed-boat. Now what do we do next?"



"You like zees box?" Monsieur Bon-Bon asked the twins.

"I know, I know, I know!" said Jeremy excitedly. "Blow it all up!"

"Well," said Commander Pott thoughtfully, "it would be rather fun, wouldn't it? But first we must find the way out of here."

"I've noticed the draught we've been feeling is coming from over there behind those huge packing-cases."

He hauled on the front packing-case, and it moved easily aside, and so did the next and the next . . . and there was more cave sloping up, and in the distance a glimmer of light.

"Now then," said Commander Pott, "we'll get Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang through the opening, and then I'll run back and lay a fuse down the cave to the dynamite and we'll get as far away as possible before the fireworks display."

So they all piled back into Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang and motored up out of the vault.

Commander Pott stopped, took a long roll of fuse out of one of the boxes (it looks like stiff thin rope and it's stuffed with magnesium powder or some



The Potts found the cave was full of boxes of bombs, dynamite, and rifles.

other quick-burning explosive) and he attached one end to the stacks of dynamite (that comes in oblong sticks) and piled all the gelnigite (that's a stiff putty stuff) on top, and then unrolled the fuse and came back to the car.

He gave Jeremy the big roll of fuse to unwind as they went along, and off went Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang to the distant glimmer of light that was the cave entrance.

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang nosed her way through a big clump of bushes and they were out on the rough floor of a quarry, and then on a cart track that led away across the fields.

They could see the side-lights of a car far away on the same track. "I expect it's some farmer," said Commander Pott.

"Come on, we'd better light the fuse and get away quick or we may get a lump of chalk on our heads."

He put a match to the end of the fuse, and with a tiny bang the little yellow flame darted off across the quarry toward the mouth of the cave.

Commander Pott dived for the driver's seat and got Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang quickly through the gears and racing off from the danger area.

When he had got clear of the edge of the quarry he stopped and they all looked back.

There came a deep rumbling roar from right down inside the cliff, the ground shook, a great yellow jet of flame shot out of the quarry they had just left, and from the edge of the cliff there came a distant flash and a deep boom and a pillar of smoke.

There was a cracking and rumbling noise in the ground and the cliff-top above the cave split open and smoke and flames came out, like a mixture between a volcano and an earthquake.

And then the smoking crack in the ground closed again, leaving a big dent in the grass.

And then there was silence.

They all let out their breath with a whoosh. Commander Pott said: "That's the biggest bang I've ever heard. We'd better get away quick before we have to do any explaining."

"When we get back to England I'll go and explain things to Scotland Yard. They'll probably give us all medals! Now I bet you're all starving—I am."

And they roared away along the cart track.

But . . . but . . . but!

As they approached what they thought had been a farmer's car they saw it was a big, powerful, black open tourer, drawn right across the track.

And four men had got out and were crouching, and they all had revolvers in their hands.

## Joe the Monster

One of the four, a huge unshaven giant of a man with shoulders as big as a gorilla's, came slowly toward where Commander Pott had been forced to pull up. He looked as if he would burst with rage, and his eyes were red with fury and his lips were drawn back from his big yellow teeth in a snarl.

Commander Pott whispered: "I regret to have to announce that that's Joe the Monster. I've seen pictures of him outside police stations. And the other three are his gang — Man-Mountain Fink, who escaped from heaven knows how many prisons; Soapy Sam, he's their explosive expert; and Blood-Money Banks, the blackmailer."

Joe the Monster came up to the car, and growled: "What do you know about that there explosion what's just taken place?"

Commander Pott said innocently: "Explosion? Explosion?" He turned to the children. "Anyone hear an explosion?"

Jeremy said brightly: "There was a bit of a pop just now, Daddy. Over by the cliff. You must have missed it."

"Bit of a pop!" Joe the Monster almost exploded himself. He turned round. "Hear that, mates? They think they may have heard a bit of a pop."

He turned back threateningly. "Bit of a pop! Call

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The gangsters kidnap the twins and drive off to Paris.



## WINTER INTO SPRING

This sowing season is:

Temperate: Late August to November

Sub-tropical: May to early October

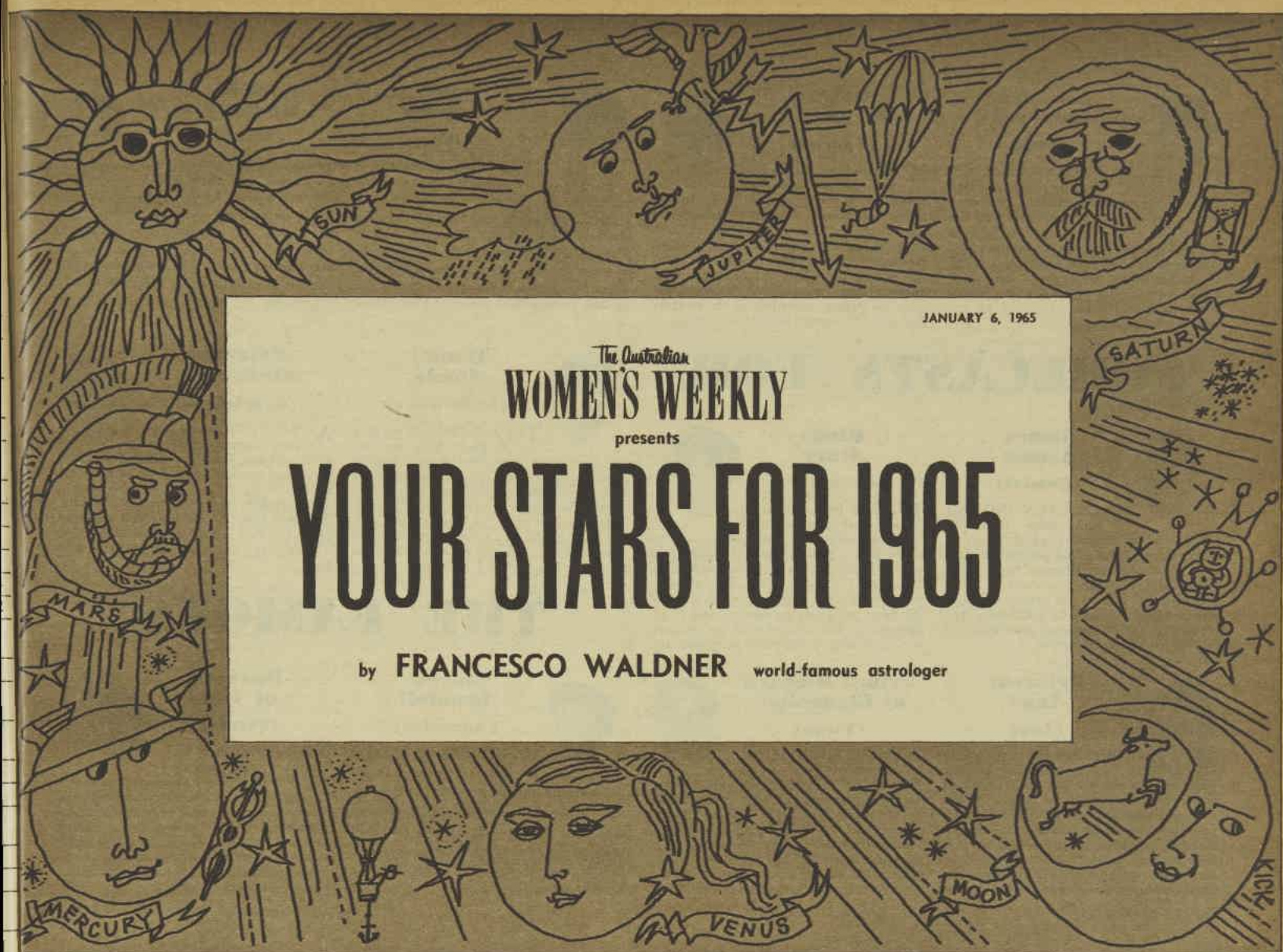
Cold: September to November

## SOWING GUIDE

● This guide by Allan Seale gives information for year-round sowing. Colors and heights are indicated to help planning. Other information is available on seed packets.

KIND	HEIGHT INCHES	PREDOMINANT COLORS	ASPECT	METHOD OF SOWING	REMARKS	WEEKS TO FLOWER
ALYSSUM	4	Lilac, white, or pink	Sun or part	Direct and thin out	Any soil, but prefer a little lime.	8
PORTULACA	5	Apricot, pink, red	Sun	Direct or transplant	Any soil with good drainage.	8-10
AGERATUM	6	Mauve, blue	Sun or part	Transplant	Trim back after flowering.	14
THUMBELINA ZINNIA	8	Red, pink, yellow	Sun	Direct or transplant	Space about 9" apart.	6-8
BEGONIA DWARF BEDDING	8	Pink or red	Sun or shade	Transplant	Trim back after flowering.	14
PETITE MARIGOLDS	10	Yellow or orange	Sun	Direct or transplant	Flower freely for many months. Use snail baits.	6-8
GLOBE AMARANTH "Little Buddy"	10	Purple	Sun	Direct or transplant	Very compact and free flowering.	6-8
NASTURTIUM	10	Red, yellow	Sun	Direct	Flower best under hard, dry conditions.	10
DWARF PHLOX	10	Except yellow, orange	Sun	Direct or transplant	Avoid overhead watering to keep flowers in prime.	10-12
TORENIA	10	Blue	Sun or part	Direct or transplant		14
DIANTHUS	10	Red, white	Sun	Direct or transplant	Slightly better results from autumn sowing.	16
VERBENA	10	As phlox	Sun	Direct or transplant	Cut back after first flowering.	12-14
DIMORPHOTHECA	10	Apricot-orange	Sun	Direct	Hard little daisy, does well in heat.	11-12
CALIFORNIAN POPPY (Eschscholtzia)	10	Orange, yellow	Sun	Direct	Flowers well in poor soil.	8-10
DWARF SALVIA	10	Red	Sun	Direct or transplant	For best effect plant away from other reds or pinks.	12
POLYANTHUS	10	All colors	Part shade	Containers. Slow to germinate	New "Pacific" types grow well in full sun, but flower lustre is better in semi-shade.	40
CELOSIA Fire Feather Gold Feather	12	Red, gold	Sun	Direct or transplant	Effective in clumps among other annuals.	12
PETUNIAS	12	All except orange	Sun	Sow in containers	Minimise watering when buds form.	14
MEXICAN. POPPY	12	Yellow	Sun	Direct	Minimise watering when buds form.	8
TALL PHLOX (Drummondii)	14	Except yellow, orange	Sun	Direct or containers	As Dwarf Phlox.	12
BASIL Dark Opal	16	Purple-bronze	Sun	Direct or containers	Pleasant contrast spotted among other annuals.	8
BALSAM	16	Pink, red	Sun	Direct	Flowers best in rather poor soil.	8
GAILLARDIA (Annual Lorenziana)	18	Cream, bronze	Sun	Direct or containers	A double pompone type.	16
GAILLARDIA (Perennial)	18	Red, yellow	Sun	Direct or containers	Very hardy.	20
ZINNIA LINEARIS	16	Orange	Sun	Direct or containers	This variety is massed with tiny flowers.	10
ASTERS	24	Rose, lavender, mauve	Sun	Direct or containers	King aster is a strong grower, flowers last well.	12-14
ORNAMENTAL CHILLI	24	Orange, red	Sun	Direct or containers	Also suitable for pot culture.	20
BONFIRE SALVIA	24	Red	Sun	Direct or containers	As Dwarf Salvia.	14
VISCARIA	24	Pink, mauve	Sun	Direct	Similar to Gypsophila.	12
COLEUS	20	Red	Semi shade	Sow in containers	Will grow in full shade, but need some sun for color.	8-12
AQUILEGIA (Columbine)	30	Mauve, pink, cream	Sun or shade	Sow in containers	Perennials that fill a gap between spring and summer flowers.	
STATICE	30	Blue, yellow	Sun	Sow direct	Useful "everlasting."	20
GLORIOSA DAISY	30	Bronze, orange	Sun	Containers or direct	Perennial, long flowering, hardy.	14
KOCHIA (Annual cyprus)	30	Green. Red in autumn	Sun	Containers and transplant	Used for formal effect.	14
SALPIGLOSSIS	30	Pink, bronze	Sun	Sow direct, thin out		12
UNWIN'S DAHLIA	30	Reds, yellows	Sun	Containers and transplant	Remove old flowers to prolong flowering.	14-16
SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN (Euphorbia Marginata)	30	Green, white	Sun or semi shade	Sow direct	Some people are allergic to this plant.	14
HAAGEANA ZINNIA	30	Yellow, bronze	Sun	Sow direct	Small flowered zinnia useful for massed effect.	12
FOREST FIRE CELOSIA	30	Red	Sun	Sow direct or in containers	This variety has dark bronze foliage.	12
SNAPDRAGONS	30	All except blue	Sun	Sow in containers, transplant	May also be sown in autumn.	16
BLUE SALVIA	36	Blue	Sun	Sow in containers and transplant	Perennial, mixes pleasantly with other annuals.	14
MARIGOLDS (African)	36	Orange, yellow	Sun	Direct or transplant	Very hardy, but best in well-fertilised soil.	12
ZINNIA Brilliant giants	36	All except blue	Sun	Direct or transplant	Very hardy, but best in well-fertilised soil.	12
MANDARIN COSMOS	36	Orange	Sun	Sow direct	Hardy and free flowering.	8
DELPHINIUM	48	Blue	Sun	Transplant	Try them in clumps of 5 or 6.	16
DAHLIAS, CHARM, DEC. & H. CACTUS	48	All except blue	Sun	Transplant	As Unwin's.	16





JANUARY 6, 1965

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**  
presents

# YOUR STARS FOR 1965

by **FRANCESCO WALDNER** world-famous astrologer





**Sir Alec Guinness**  
(Aries)

A YEAR of hard work when he will have much acknowledgment, appreciation, and some prizes. His best period will be during the second half of the year: travel is foreseen for professional reasons. Newspapers and magazines will talk about his private life, but rather about his spiritual and intellectual interests than about his love affairs. He is likely to be the centre of an important charity organisation.

**Andrey Hepburn**  
(Taurus)



MUCH success. During this year she will enjoy the protection of the planet of luck, Jupiter, which will bring a number of internationally important engagements, travel, new projects, and the chance of having a baby. Newspapers and magazines will talk about her toward the winter in connection with another stage personality. Although she may be rather unsettled, it is unlikely that she will change her life very much.



**Helen Shapiro**  
(Libra)

HER artistic career will be confirmed during 1965 and much consolidation can be expected. Huge success with a song likely to open up the road to international fame. Success will become more even with the beginning of autumn. Difficulties in matters of the heart, but toward spring matters will clear up and there will be peace and happiness.

**Dickie Henderson**  
(Scorpio)



PROMISING success with work, and there will be satisfaction from foreign audiences as well. Real success will come in spring, connected with the presentation of new works likely to be greatly appreciated. On the other hand, family and personal matters may be a bit difficult; a rather sad shock is foreseen.

## FORECASTS FOR



**James Arness**  
(Gemini)

A FLUCTUATING year with some risks for health and a possibility of accidents at work. Very hard-working period will start after autumn. Good influences from Venus mean matters of the heart will be lively and pleasant. Changes in artistic development—he will be seen in a different type of role. Great success and possibilities of further artistic development.

**Ringo Starr**  
(Cancer)



THE first four months of the year promise to be the most successful ones. There is then likely to be a phase of quiet, leading up to renewed activity in September-October. However, 1966 will be the year of great personal success. During 1965 matters of the heart are likely to develop and be of importance and assistance to his sensitive nature. Spring: a successful interpretation.



**Tommy Steele**  
(Sagittarius)

THE year 1965 will see him in great form and he will participate in a series of considerable importance. Success in a musical film. Much gossip about a flirtation or romance toward the winter; however, it is just exaggeration. In spite of much work and success, he will be rather unsettled and worried over personal matters. There is a danger from driving carelessly.

**Princess Alexandra**  
(Capricorn)



A PROPITIOUS and busy year when she will enjoy travel and transfers. Chance of a new home and another baby. Risk of some difficulty during July and November due to some trouble connected with the family. The best times of the year will be April, May, October, and December, when she will be very happy and enjoy many satisfactions.

## THE FAMOUS



**Princess Anne**  
(Leo)

THE Princess, a Leo subject, will have a lively year. Her vitality cannot easily be kept down and she may give rise to some gossip. During and after May, exams and studies are under excellent influences. A special surprise will be a journey which she has been looking forward to for a long time. Her horoscope promises a very active life, thanks to her dynamic and critical nature.

**Prince Richard of Gloucester**  
(Virgo)



A YEAR RICH in surprises, when Prince Richard will have to face difficult and varied situations. The year is dominated by the planet Uranus, the "revolutionary" planet, and the Prince may find himself much mentioned in the Press. In sentimental matters: a big but pleasant surprise. This will be a year when there will be a lot happening; beware of accidents.



**Joyce Grenfell**  
(Aquarius)

A NUMBER of obstacles are likely to arise in the beginning of the year. After May, things will change and a happy and satisfactory time is to be expected. A new part will bring her name to the mass audiences. Special care of health is advised during March and September.

**Duchess of Kent**  
(Pisces)



NOT a particularly brilliant year, when certain difficulties have to be overcome, and she will have to cope with some sad news. Gossip about her will be completely unfounded. Between winter and spring things promise to calm down. She will enjoy some wonderful journeys and have immense pleasure from her family activities. Chance of another baby.



**N**O more surprises—this will be a year of consolidation both in work and in financial matters. You have tenacity and an innate ability to organise, but in 1965 a stroke of luck helps you to attain a better position.

The best period is from May onward, when legal and official matters take a turn for the better. This is an excellent period for making contracts with brothers and neighbors.

At the beginning of the year be more understanding and sympathetic toward colleagues and subordinates—try to see their point of view. Don't get worked up if an elderly relative or a superior is unjust to you. Say nothing and let time work for you.

The year favors journeys and holidays abroad. Interesting projects will be born, but never make hasty decisions; reflect carefully and ask advice. Many will establish a new base for their work or may even change their job.

In the last three months be careful not to undertake too much work. This can result in tension, restlessness, and worry.

### Love

In love affairs the year will be mainly successful, and you will be generally liked and admired. You can form a close, enduring tie, but be sure to satisfy yourself as to your partner's intentions. There is a danger of exaggerating the importance of affairs of the heart and giving way to first enthusiasms.

In the romantic field there may be difficulties created by the family or by factors beyond your control, so keep your eyes open, and avoid criticism.

For long-standing relationships this year is very favorable—many Aries will achieve the crowning of their love.

New relationships are favored, but don't get too deeply involved with strange, eccentric persons. April-May, July-August, September, and December are especially favorable for engagements and weddings.

In the second half of the year expect an interesting romantic meeting engineered by a friend.

### Your home

The first six months are propitious for the improvement of the home. For moving, pick the period between April and October. Your choice will be well guided and your neighbors pleasant.

Excellent relations with the family and any worries that may crop up will be solved satisfactorily. Don't

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 6, 1965



## ARIES (March 21-April 20)

worry too much in the winter or in November and December about a member of your family. Things will right themselves when you least expect it.

Choose the period between May and October if you have to discuss the house or possibly an inheritance with your close family. There may be a problem with a friend; handle it calmly and take the decision you think best.

Many Aries will have a visitor who stays longer than expected, which is irritating, but the only thing to do is to accept it philosophically.

Accept a friend's invitation even though you fear it may be boring. You will have a very active social life, especially if you make a point of inviting people.

### Your health

Be careful in the first six months—there will be colds, inflammations, and little accidents which, though unpleasant and sometimes severe, will only be of short duration. In the second half of the year try to improve your state of health, and perhaps go on a diet.

### Fortune

Your best luck comes in business. It is essential that you take advantage of all the opportunities that arise. You are satisfied with profits and all economic matters. There may be long trips abroad which result in considerable personal benefits. You will be able to smooth out disputes and get round a person who was ill-disposed toward you.

## The ARIES man

**T**HIS is the most active and lively sign of all. The Aries man falls in love easily and without any reserves. He is passionate in love, and always wants to impose his own will. If he finds understanding, he can be generous and will take on responsibility, but somewhere in his heart there is always a wish to find new sensations. He can stir others to take an interest in new ideas and will liven up the life of the person he loves. He demands complete submission, but eventually this doesn't interest him any more; his is too much of a fighter nature. Therefore it is best that he should not be given everything. Love is of fundamental importance for him; if not satisfied in this respect his strength and possibilities of success will be diminished all through his life.

## The ARIES woman

**T**HE Aries woman, with her pronounced personality and strong temperament, will always attract the weaker type of man, often artists or bohemians. On these she will have an excellent influence and help them toward success, assuming a protective attitude. Her own ideal, however, is quite different, because she is looking for the "strong" man, whom she can respect. This may be achieved, but rarely does a liaison between two so very strong characters work out happily and last. If the Aries woman finds her right partner, he must be superior to her intellectually, artistically, or socially. In such cases a happy relationship will result, and the woman becomes a loyal and helpful partner.

STAR GUIDE — Page 3



**A** STEADY year, full of hopes and good results. You can count on good luck, aid, and support, and will be endowed with optimism and an increased capacity for work. You will find a way out of seemingly insuperable difficulties. Naturally, much depends on you.

Take advantage of the period January-May and the last three months of the year, when there will be good chances to settle legal and official questions. In general, Taurus may expect an improvement at work and even offers of new jobs.

The year is favorable for business trips, studies, and exams. In general you will be well liked, but don't be too intimate with superiors or subordinates, especially during the first four months of the year. Financial matters will settle down and improve between May and October.

Satisfying your ambitions and achieving social success demand application and a certain sacrifice. September will be very active, so get organised and overcome fatigue.

You are entering a cycle which is very lucky for future years. New social relations will develop. If you have to make long-term commitments or sign agreements, do it either in the first four months of the year or from October to December.

### Love

At last you can expect a year full of promise, when you will overcome opposition and experience a happy development in your romantic relations. Give your love life a solid basis, and beware of the intrigues and hostility of a third person.

Don't worry if your engagement or wedding plans are delayed; this will fit in with your family obligations and enable you to see a new side of your loved one.

Many Taurus folk will fall passionately in love, but go warily. Take time to discover the feelings of your partner and find out more of his true character. Take care when writing love letters.

The second half of the year brings success and interesting encounters. In the early months don't argue or be overbearing with your beloved. It is a "marriage year," good both for getting married and for starting new romances.

### Your home

Your "Achilles' heel" is the family, and this greatly influences your personal problems. You are stubborn by nature; exercise more tact and generosity with your relatives.



## TAURUS

(April 21-May 20)

People moving house will be successful. You will be helped in all things to do with moving and improving your home. Use the autumn and winter for buying and selling and for similar transactions.

Don't be too reserved with your friends—show more self-confidence. If you notice the strange behaviour of a friend, try to understand and be willing to make sacrifices for him.

In the second half of the year you can indulge in considerable spending, both for the house and the family. A problem with a neighbor will be settled through the intermediary of an old friend. Many invitations, including some from abroad; you should reciprocate.

### Your health

Take advantage of this year to carry out any treatment that will have a salutary effect on your health. The sector, Health, is so good that you need have no fears. Have your teeth seen to, take up a slimming cure, gymnastics, and any other means that will keep you fit.

### Fortune

You have good luck in everything connected with houses and property, and in large and small purchases. You are under the protection of the lucky planet Jupiter, which affects you directly and indirectly. You are on good terms with those around you. Freelance artists or professional workers will develop new contacts.

## The TAURUS man

**T**HE Taurus man is passionate. Inconstancy, insincerity, and lightness are not in his nature. Once he has overcome the suspicions which he always feels at first in human contacts, he will be very loyal to his love. He is a romantic and love will come to him violently. He won't accept half measures, but demands a union without reserves on either side — to become one with the person he loves. He is very jealous, both in love and friendship. He may appear calm and phlegmatic, but don't try to play a double game with him; behind his mask a suspicious observer is hidden. The Taurus man is fond of kind-hearted and really good people and, in a woman, he admires domesticity. He will never betray a woman.

## The TAURUS woman

**T**HE woman born under the sign of Taurus has an instinctive knowledge of matters of the heart and of friendship, but, being a clever diplomat, she'll never put her cards on the table. Her feelings are never superficial and she wishes to be completely open and sincere with her partner and her friends. Once she has found her ideal, she will be affectionate, tender, kind, and adaptable. Her main fault lies in the fact that she is calculating and, whatever she does, never forgets the practical results. However, if ever she realises that she has been betrayed she feels deeply hurt. Usually there is only one great love in her life; her love is "for ever." A separation or divorce will be difficult and against her will; if she ties herself to someone, it is for good.



**A**FTER a struggle in the early months of 1965 you enter into a phase where you are helped by excellent circumstances, though there will be shocks and upsets, for which you yourself will be partly responsible. This is a year in which many outstanding problems can be faced and overcome.

You will be successful in litigation in the second half of the year, when you can count on indirect help and the support of influential persons. Even if you make a lot of money, you should not undertake long-term commitments.

You yourself will be more sensible and balanced. Be cautious about deciding on fundamental changes, either in business or in private life; even if prospects seem rosy there may be some hidden obstacles. Don't dissipate your energies with new interests.

From the beginning of October till mid-November you will come up against delays and difficulties. Keep calm; everything will turn out all right. In this same period, be chary of imposing your will on others—act diplomatically.

Important developments abroad are maturing for some, but these will not come off in the immediate future. Any journeys should be undertaken from May onwards.

### Love

A very intense year in your romantic life; your sex appeal is very strong. There will be complicated (though enjoyable) situations. Your weakness lies in being too often impatient, possessive, and critical. Content yourself with the good things that life offers instead of hankering after unattainable joys.

Take special care in this period to prove your loyalty to your loved one; any deception could cause jealousy and unhappy consequences. To avoid complications, don't make promises that are impossible to keep. May to October is a particularly favored period for engagements, weddings, and new encounters.

A risk that many Gemini will run in 1965 is to be attracted by the sex appeal and the social position of a person quite unsuited to them. You may develop a deep romantic relationships with someone met on a journey or at a party.

### Your home

You will be occupied not only with your old friends but with cultured and interesting new acquaintances.

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## GEMINI

(May 21-June 21)

With the aid of your friends, you will enter a new sphere, full of interest.

The family will give you some surprises and possibly face you with a difficult situation which, however, you will be able to tackle, thanks to your clearheadedness and mental agility.

Don't precipitate arguments with relatives or children in the first half of the year. You will not solve anything but only upset yourself. Let everything strictly personal mature in the early part of the year and try to solve matters in the spring.

The year's last months are good for settling all questions to do with your house — improvements, new constructions, or even moving. Accept the present of a pet.

### Your health

It is often difficult to recognise an illness by its first symptoms. Be moderate in eating, drinking, and smoking. Take more regular rest to avoid over-fatigue. From June onwards you enter into a cycle of stability, where every type of cure is to be recommended.

### Fortune

Any new proposals should be carefully examined—they may hold the germ of a real fortune. Act calmly. You are lucky in dealing with legal matters and with officialdom. You will surprise yourself. Much happiness from children and small speculations in the second half of the year.

## The GEMINI man

**A**N ardent defender of independence, the Gemini man must never lose the illusion of personal liberty; only that way will he be able to love and to maintain a continuous affection. His ideal is a romantic agreement between two people to face life together and this accounts for his preference of comradeship and friendship, which can easily create complications and cause errors in values. However, his interest is one in human relationships. He makes friends easily and is often a brilliant wooer and Don Giovanni, always looking for a new interest. When he feels that a deep affection may grow up, he observes his own sentiments sceptically and ironically. If he wants somebody to fall in love with him, his seductive powers are great.

## The GEMINI woman

**S**HE impresses men because of her versatility and adaptability. She is usually of inspired optimism and has a very feminine intelligence. She likes to flirt, but doesn't usually lose her head; she feels instinctively when a situation threatens to become dangerous and immediately breaks off the relationship. She, too, needs her personal freedom and avoids emotional complications. She can be the ideal companion, because she will leave her partner a maximum of independence and can easily adapt herself without losing her own personality. But even the deepest love will end for her if she finds that her partner is too rigid, has boring habits, or is too much of a petit bourgeois. And she will never choose a companion or partner who hasn't got a pronounced sense of humor.



**A**N interesting year which calls all your energies and perseverance in the struggle, but the means of success are in your hands. Luck will help you. For many this will be a year of preparation, for others a decisive year, but for all it will be a successful year in matters of vital importance.

You will succeed in winning the goodwill of people who previously have been hostile and you will triumph over your enemies. In the first months of the year you will be faced by unexpected expenses and your outgoings will be too big.

Until May be very cautious and seek advice before answering letters, taking on commitments, or making agreements. Put off all legal questions and those connected with the authorities until September.

Many will have some financial benefits — perhaps from a gamble, return of a loan, or extra earnings.

From May onwards push ahead with new plans at work. This is the moment for change. July-August will bring a lot of hard work and other unforeseen jobs. Get well organised for this period, and don't take on any extra obligations.

This year is favorable to journeys and to going abroad; it also favors your inner development, intellectual interests, or a hobby. Older people will give help and encouragement, and their friendship will be of considerable assistance.

### Love

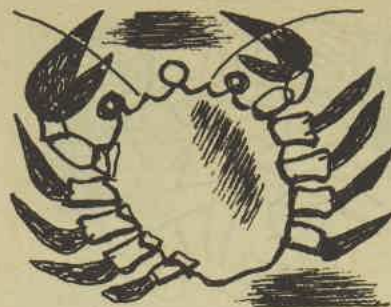
If you act with decision you will clarify the situation or alter it, so face your romantic future without fear. New friendships, engagements, or weddings will bring warmth to your emotional life.

The early months of the year are particularly important because, for those still unattached, a new acquaintance may prove a life-long partner. Many Cancers will be granted their wish. Many others can establish a definite love relationship with those abroad or a long way off.

In the second half of the year be prudent with new acquaintances, who may be unsuited to you both in temperament and position. Don't get embittered through an upset that will soon right itself; just wait patiently. For many there will be interesting encounters in the artistic and cultural world.

### Your home

An idea of yours will meet with opposition in the family and it will be difficult to carry it out; but with



## CANCER

(June 22-July 22)

your tenacity you will succeed the second time. Disputes and misunderstandings can easily spring up between you and your parents or elderly relatives.

There is plenty of novelty in your social life and you can expect a year of lively personal success. The early months of the year bring happy relations with your friends. You have the opportunity of enlarging your circle of friends and will gain entry into new circles.

January to April favors moving house, alterations, or improvements. From September to November you pass through a period when you are particularly lucky in buying and selling property.

### Your health

This year's excellent influences are reflected in your health. Small seasonal ills will cause you less trouble than usual and for some this year will bring the end of an affliction they have long endured.

The year is favorable to speedy convalescence, to the treatment of chronic ailments, and to slight surgical operations.

### Fortune

Your good luck this year comes from friends and those who help you. You will find support in family problems, especially those connected with money matters and travel. Happiness from young ones, perhaps a new friend.

## The CANCER man

**O**NLY rarely a Cancer man will fall for a sudden passion; he is not very sensual and is looking for more spiritual values, for finesse and tenderness in his partner and his friends. A relationship with a Cancer has always a special attraction and fascination. His personality often awakes hidden and pure sentiments in those who accept his love and friendship. He leaves a particular impression on those coming from different surroundings and living an entirely different kind of life. For many Cancer men love is a kind of dream world, one wrong word or harsh action may cause a shock, with often physical consequences. The Cancer man easily arouses affection and passion, but his idea of love always includes a home and family.

## The CANCER woman

**S**HE is full of self-denial, domesticated, loves her home, and is economical. She is the condensed version of all that makes the "ideal woman." Her feelings govern her actions. Cancer women are often very shy and reserved, although they may also be capricious up to a point. They impress by their unflinching tact and the tendency they have to glorify friendship. More than anyone else they are deeply attached to the past and often display rather old-fashioned feelings. This hankering after the past may, at times, cause difficulties with their partner. There is a danger that the Cancer woman may idealise the person she loves, and see that person according to her dreams but not as he really is.



**F**ROM January until the end of April be very cautious in your proceedings, examine propositions carefully, and avoid all risks. You will not always feel in good form, and tend to exaggerate little upsets, delays, and failures. But from mid-May onward everything is bright.

Legal matters and new plans go ahead without hindrance after May. In September you will need patience with the ordinary day-to-day details, with elderly relatives, and with colleagues.

At the beginning of the year you tend to spend too much. The best times from a financial point of view are May-August and December, but don't take on too much.

The lack of sympathy that you found earlier in the year may be due to your somewhat awkward behaviour or because you are being hypersensitive. Don't take too much notice of unpleasant remarks. Keep control of yourself and you will benefit—be optimistic.

A change in your business life may prove of advantage. Discuss an offer of a new job in the first half of the year and accept it in the second half.

### Love

A bright and lively year in your romantic life with an unexpected satisfaction which fulfils your desires. July-August and October-November are good for marriages and engagements. Those still unattached will make interesting new acquaintances which may develop into something very important for their future.

In general, the second half of the year is favorable for reconciliations and for strengthening old ties. Contrary to your nature, you will feel more submissive and less possessive. It will be well to leave some things to chance and also to be a little elusive with your admirers.

Clear up any sentimental misunderstandings—don't let pride stand in your way. You will feel the urge to deepen the bonds of affection with your loved one or, if you are in search of a soul-mate, to be more serious in your attitude.

This is the year for many weddings and engagements, even those which until now have seemed impossible. Many will become aware of the tender feelings of a person formerly only considered as a friend or a colleague.

### Your home

This year you can be open-handed and buy those things for the house and family which you have long desired. Domestic problems—moving house, improvements, or alterations—are under a good influence from



## LEO

(July 23-August 22)

May to November. Many will succeed in getting a home of their own.

You finally get on good terms with the family and harmony is re-established. A worry concerning a child or younger relative will prove unfounded. Pleasant news from distant relatives or friends; a full and intense social life; new, lasting friendships are in store for you.

This year you should try to take a journey or a long holiday, possibly visit a distant friend. There will be a change in one particular friendship, either owing to one of you being transferred or because of a misunderstanding.

In the second half of the year don't miss the opportunity to snatch at a new friendship which may prove very important.

### Your health

The first four months of the year may bring some circulatory trouble and make you prone to various ailments. In general, however, you are full of energy and in an excellent state of health. Sea or thermal bath cures are recommended.

### Fortune

You will find solutions to knotty problems that have faced you recently, either at work or in your business life. Little trips, new surroundings, or a round of visits to friends will benefit you. Join an intellectual group or club, or possibly an artistic or sports club. You will have good ideas re the family and domestic affairs.

## The LEO man

**T**HE Leo man requires love as the most important factor to confirm his own personality and to measure the effect he makes on others. His actions are governed rather by the heart than his brain, and this will often be followed by disappointment and sadness. However, as he is very successful with the opposite sex, these phases will never last long and he will quickly find consolation. In love, everything has to go according to his own wishes—even short flirtations. He is very generous and adores to be complimented; if respect is shown him, he enjoys it like a child. He usually is honest and straightforward, and makes no secret of where his affections lie. Where he feels an echo he will surround the woman he loves with so much affection that she will see life in a new light.

## The LEO woman

**T**HE Leo woman does not easily fall in love. She knows her own value and adopts a very severe measure. Whether it is a question of love or just friendship, she first observes the other person carefully. She is capable of very deep sentiments and usually belongs to the group of women who will find ultimate success. Although men woo her and know that there is passion and temperament, they will find conquest pretty hard. However, if she decides to accept a partner, the union will be a happy one. She will be the guiding part, full of optimism. She dislikes slow and fearful people and will never accept poverty and a narrow life. Quite often she will choose a man of weak character, whom she can make into somebody.



**A** CONSTRUCTIVE year as long as you avoid rash actions. Never abandon your innate common sense and clear-headedness. You won't have to look for new opportunities—they are all around you. Moreover, you are full of energy and eager to make changes in every section of your life.

Set afoot all your plans in the first four months of the year, when you can count on support, some of it unexpected. Legal and economic questions will be satisfactorily settled and an old law case will be decided.

From April onward avoid all impetuous behaviour, be conciliatory with superiors and colleagues, and don't dramatise every little upset. Don't let the small hindrances to the progress of your plans upset you—time is your best ally. During this somewhat difficult cycle ask help of somebody who has shown faith in you.

In all, this is a year of novelty and satisfaction. There are good prospects in the economic field, but be more accommodating in making contracts. Be careful over investments and helping others. Above all, don't take on long-term commitments. You have a chance to earn some extra money.

You will have success in the social world and people will appreciate your real worth.

### Love

In this field unexpected events will force you to make an important decision. You will discover unexpected sides to one particular person.

Eccentric and odd people will be much attracted by your sex appeal, but don't be fascinated by them or their mode of life, because this is quite unsuited to you.

Take into account the feelings of others in the emotional field and don't be too critical.

In May-June you approach a crucial period where you need to be flexible and understanding to avoid the danger of a rupture. Those born in August and at the beginning of September should beware of giving their confidence and affection to one they know only superficially. A relationship that has been dragging on will be definitely settled one way or the other.

You will be much disturbed by the return of an old love who has caused you much suffering in the past; don't repeat the old errors. The first half of the year is specially propitious for marriages and engagements.

### Your home

Your relations with your friends will strengthen and you will have new proofs of their affection and esteem. A misunderstanding can crop up unexpectedly with a friend.



## VIRGO

(Aug. 23-Sept. 23)

You will be drawn into a new circle of friends, which will help your social position. Don't hesitate about leaving your old circle, but make the most of the chances there are in respect of people from abroad. Forget your usual timidity and invite people, even if they are not in your normal circle of acquaintances.

This year favors everything connected with the home. Moving and improvements are better done in the first half of the year. Make a sacrifice for the family or a child.

There are difficulties with elderly relatives, mostly because of your excessive criticism. Be more generous and less forthright in your judgments. A surprise from a relative who lives elsewhere.

### Your health

Small ailments and accidents in the first half of the year, possibly of nervous origin or caused by an infection or overwork.

### Fortune

You will achieve important things. You will be lucky with your studies and everything cultural and artistic.

The first half of the year will bring recognition and the solving of some knotty financial problems. In the second half of the year fortune wavers a little because you are trying to force things or are acting rashly. Your good luck may come from the transfer of a person whose job you will take over.

## The VIRGO man

**V**IRGO man is very reserved and often appears to bring emotional matters down to earth. He is very critical and enjoys analysing everything and this, in turn, may put the brakes on the enthusiasm of his partner and make him appear rather cold. The Virgo man is attractive and a bit mysterious and, however well one knows him he still surprises by showing a new side to his character. However, once he really falls in love he is in it up to his eyes, and his passion and capacity for sacrifice are almost limitless. His is a fighter nature; an easy-going love affair, without complications and worries, will soon tire him. That is why he has a tendency to create complications, show jealousy, be critical, and exaggerate.

## The VIRGO woman

**H**ER highest aim in life is often the complete dedication to love or friendship. She completely inserts herself into the life of her partner, getting everything well organised. Even a love affair becomes a mission, and a purely sexual relationship rarely happens to her. She is his ideal companion, full of understanding for him and his shortcomings. Often she thinks too much of the future, forgetting to enjoy the present. For many Virgo women love becomes almost a complex, makes them suffer and frightens them. They should learn to be more optimistic, enjoy daily pleasures, and just live for the moment. In frequent cases the way to their heart is via their mind.



**A**N interesting year and, from autumn onward, full of success in business, material, and personal matters. Trust more to your own intuition than advice offered. You will find in yourself enough ability to deal with even the most important matters. Go into the possibilities of a change—something good might come of it.

As well as good luck this year you will have the support of influential people. Persevere and keep your self-confidence.

From May to September and also in December you can count on good economic circumstances. You will succeed in everything you undertake in this period.

The year 1965 will bring you the possibility of interesting travel and an attractive proposition which will bring about financial improvement of a small profitable speculation.

Keep firm control of yourself in the first month of the year, when you tend to be oversensitive. If you make a small loss don't blame it on to those around you—it is probably your own fault.

The second half of the year is characterised by greater tension, possibly because you are moving in new circles which help a lot with your business affairs.

A problem that has worried you for some time will be solved thanks to a suggestion or a "brain-wave."

### Love

This year exercises a beneficent influence on all romantic relations. Everything in this field turns out well. Some Libras are in danger of giving their love too easily, which may lead to gossip. With your loved one a decisive action or silent encouragement is better than words.

Some Libras will suffer through lack of sincerity in others. You are inclined to idealise a casual acquaintance met on a journey, at a party, or on holiday; you will do well to judge him more critically. You will take up again an affair with a loved one from the past.

From May to October those still unattached or leading a solitary life will meet someone who will fulfil their desire for affection and will prove very lovable. The same period is very favorable to marriages and engagements.

### Your home

Harmony will reign in the family if you ignore mischief-makers. Differences among relatives can easily be put right if you weigh carefully all the pros and cons.

You consolidate new friendships and relations with people beyond your own circle, and collect goodwill and



## LIBRA

(Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

sympathy and lots of invitations. Take advantage of a friendship that develops.

At last you will be able to fulfil an old desire with the help of a relative or a friend. Happiness from the younger ones; a change in their lives will have repercussions on your own life.

Up to the end of May you must exercise a lot of patience about domestic problems. From then until October things will be easier, but you must still be careful not to spend excessively on the house. There will be a domestic obligation which you will deal with satisfactorily.

If you wish to make changes, do it between autumn and October. Be careful with investments, although you will get good advice. Don't lose the chance of a pet that will bring you much pleasure.

### Your health

Don't neglect ailments, though in general your health is good this year. Look after little ills so that they don't grow into serious illnesses, especially kidney troubles, legs, or rheumatism. Try some yoga.

### Fortune

You can count on good luck, especially in the second half of the year. Legal matters and group activities are favorable.

Many will start a friendship with an unusual person who will have a good influence on their spiritual life. Problems regarding relatives can also be solved.

## The LIBRA man

**H**E succeeds due to his charm, his tact, and his well-balanced ways. He loves meeting lots of people and may appear volatile. He always seems to have the right formula for success—he knows his value, but also his limitations, and very rarely love will make him suffer. If an emotional situation becomes difficult and bitter, he prefers to withdraw, avoiding dramatic discussions. However, he rarely burns all bridges. He usually keeps his most intimate wishes to himself and it is difficult to know him thoroughly or to "possess" him. He will always be a "gentleman" and know how to behave himself.

## The LIBRA woman

**T**HE Libra woman is the personification of womanhood, perhaps the most fascinating woman. Even if not beautiful or pretty, she always makes up with her personality and character. Her affectionate and adaptable nature will lead her to passion; her fantasy is rich, and she hates violence and despotism. In matters of the heart she can ably avoid giving a definite answer, just as she can always manage to keep out of complications. She is ultra-feminine as well as intelligent and takes advantage of her gifts at the right moment. She knows the art of seduction well and succeeds in conquering even the strongest men and will put them in their place. Her ideal is the cultured and sophisticated man and she will always pick her friends from the aesthetic point of view. She requires others to be tolerant of her habits.



**A**T last you can realise many of your aspirations, but tact and diplomacy are necessary to avoid complications at work. For many, obligations and important decisions lie ahead, also new offers of jobs.

Avoid anything risky, especially in the first half of the year. You will gain appreciation from one who has been hostile toward you.

You are full of force and will use up some of it in your hobby. You will have a chance to make your life more interesting with novel changes or innovations.

Important economic problems will be easily solved, thanks to good advice and unforeseen circumstances. From May to September you can improve your financial position. There will be excellent earnings and other income.

All through the year you will be endowed with untiring energy which will help you in your achievements. During September, you are likely to be involved in quarrels; put off everything until October-November.

Try to make new contacts and renew relations with a person you have lost sight of and who may be useful to you.

You may receive a legacy or inheritance.

### Love

Love affairs will be mostly successful and you will have peace and tranquillity in your relations with the person you love. There is a chance that a lasting and sincere love will result from a casual encounter, so treat emotional matters very seriously this year.

Many will realise their dreams in the course of the year, but others must not allow the break-up of a love affair to be turned into a tragedy. Whatever happens, remain calm and examine the reasons for the changes you have to face; you will often find that what seemed worrying works out to your advantage.

During the second part of the year you tend to give way to fits of jealousy and to be down-hearted and aggressive, but difficulties can be cleared up.

Engagements and weddings are favored — you will do well to introduce the person you love to your family and friends.

Some of you will be influenced by the friendship and understanding from a person of different age or social standing.

### Your home

Difficulties with your friends will arise, and a friend considered particularly loyal will adopt a strange attitude. Refrain from judging new acquaintances too soon.



## SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 - Nov. 22)

Some will finally succeed in making close contact with a much esteemed person, and derive a deep sense of satisfaction from this.

During the second half of the year an elderly relative will stop opposing a situation very close to your heart, but in the beginning of the year you will have to put up with difficulties in the family and should show as much understanding as possible.

If money matters are concerned or brothers or parents, try to postpone everything until after May.

The second half of the year is most favorable for anything regarding home and property. Your solutions for removals or renovations will be happy ones, and you will succeed in creating a pleasant atmosphere around you.

You finally clear up a difficulty regarding a relative.

### Your health

This is a very good year for your health. During the first few months you should beware of getting exhausted through too much work. Excellent prospects for dental treatment and thermal cures.

### Fortune

Good luck may result from pleasant collaboration and clearing-up of misunderstandings with associates and employees. Your financial situation will suddenly improve, maybe by way of an additional job. During the second part of the year you may strike luck if gambling.

## The SCORPIO man

**T**HE Scorpio man abandons himself to love and passion and his emotional life contains the full scale: ardor and frigidity, romance and brutality, jealousy and tenderness. His love knows no stability and a union with him may be tiring and difficult but never boring. He is aggressive by nature and often not even love can render him more docile. He excels in dramatising every situation. He is often driven by passion and it is only thanks to his self-discipline and moral strength that he doesn't give in completely to his senses. If he manages to find the woman who can be mother, mistress, and companion to him, he will treasure her. More than any other will he spoil his partner and defend her, but he requires absolute faithfulness and the woman is exclusively his.

## The SCORPIO woman

**S**HE is of lively intelligence and of almost masculine judgment, but in emotional matters she can be extremely feminine. She has great capacity to love, deep passion, and is very jealous. You will often find that Scorpio women emanate an almost magnetic attraction. She is a first-class companion and will go with you through good or bad, but her pride must never be hurt. Even though she will forgive, she can never forget. Many Scorpio women like to play with fire and are considered "femmes fatale." It is not easy for them to find a partner because although they will be looking for a lively and dynamic man their own strong personality and irresistible magnetism will attract sensitive and sophisticated men.



**T**HIS is certainly not a boring year. There will be important news accompanied by some complications, and you tend to get excessively worried and are likely to dramatise. Often the fact that you lack understanding will be caused by your own too rigid approach to matters. Not always will you be at ease with superiors and colleagues. Don't give in to the temptation to change your surroundings.

There will be numerous occasions when you must be very careful not to believe in promises and appearances; you can cope with what is really important on your own. You must learn to overcome your impulsive and aggressive ways; forgive, if someone hurt your feelings — it will make life much easier for you.

Much of your time will be taken up by social activities and travel, and you will find a helping hand over the conclusion of a much opposed plan.

The beginning of the year requires maximum care and attention, and you must not try to make changes and lead a different kind of life. Anything connected with a change or with legal questions must be carefully examined, and any arrangement must be reciprocal.

You will have special achievements connected with your work during the months of July, August, September, and December, and during these months you can also find a happy conclusion to a problem that has worried you. Now everything can be settled satisfactorily.

### Love

In matters of the heart, don't be guided by too much enthusiasm. Remember that however big your personal successes may be this is a period of many surprises. You should not give in to exaggeration or act without giving matters serious thought.

If you avoid endangering your reputation, this year promises successful developments and a chance to consolidate your emotional situation, but you must be sincere and open with your partner and yourself. Many of you may fall in love with a person at work, others may meet their partner on a journey.

The last six months of the year are favorable for engagements or weddings. There may be new experiences, but you may risk losing what you have just achieved. Some will find a partner through a correspondence.

### Your home

Your family and friends criticise you for entering a different circle of people or meeting a rather unusual person, and you should consider seriously whether to



## SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 - Dec. 20)

accept advice given in this matter. Before accepting an invitation, examine it well; it may not be the right thing for you.

Social life will make your work easier and bring you into contact with extremely important people. You will be delighted with the chance of a longish journey in pleasant company, and you will enjoy excellent relationship with foreigners and receive invitations.

Somebody will ask you for financial help and this will mean a sacrifice to you. Your family will back up your plans.

A relative or elderly friend may cause you some worry in the beginning of the year, and you must be prepared to help that person out of a difficulty.

Don't make decisions over domestic matters that at first fill you with enthusiasm. Postpone the decision until next year.

Children will give much satisfaction, and you will receive a wonderful gift.

### Your health

A good year, though there may be minor ailments which can be quickly overcome. Plan a long rest to avoid a state of exhaustion, physical and nervous.

### Fortune

An important decision and outside help will assist you in getting out of a dead-end situation. You will receive a proposition to work and earn considerably more; but the other side of the medal will mean a nerve-racking job. Children give you much pleasure.

## The SAGITTARIUS man

**T**HE Sagittarius man is enthusiastic and impulsive, which may often land him in unpleasant situations following rash actions and, consequently, he will not find his peace of mind. Following his first enthusiastic reaction, however, he often assumes a surprising objectivity, recognising his own mistakes and illusions, but rarely does he have the strength to get himself out of his emotional dilemma. The Sagittarian is successful, persuasive, seductive, and a brilliant conversationalist. His spontaneity is one of his most attractive characteristics. Attention, though! His love will only be lasting if built up on reciprocal friendship and loyalty and if he can retain — and grant — personal freedom. He wants to be loved, but tries not to tie himself down for as long as possible. The Sagittarian wants to conquer, but doesn't like his victories to come too easily.

## The SAGITTARIUS woman

**S**HE conquers with her special charm and is particularly attracted to strange and complicated men — artists, men who love nature, and sportsmen. A friendship with another Sagittarius woman may be very happy, because both have the gift of understanding others. In love she is tender and affectionate and capable of deep passion, always retaining a capricious and feline attitude. She dislikes violence and narrowmindedness; she requires her partner to show generosity in thought and action. If these factors are denied, the union will not last and her egocentric nature will show up. She loves nature and her manifestations in that respect are romantic, poetic, and often near to crazy.



**T**HE secret that will win your battles for you and bring success is enthusiasm about your aims and allowing for the unexpected. You must be insistent about your projects; the really important matters will take a constructive and lasting development.

Special efforts are needed during the first part of the year and you will find a successive chain of favorable circumstances and improvement, particularly at work.

Offers for change and transfer can be taken into serious consideration, and legal questions find excellent solutions. Don't neglect correspondence and contacts with abroad.

Generally, you will be guided well by your intuition and always find the right angle when coping with domestic matters. You will have helpful people around you and there is a chance of considerable success for projects with others. Don't ever force the issue; time will be on your side.

During the first part of the year you should consolidate your financial position; later on there will be possibilities of further improvement. A person who has much respect for you will assist you with your plans.

Be careful about lending money.

### Love

Don't have any regrets about the past, accept the possibilities offered in 1965. This will be an interesting year for love affairs.

Those already married or engaged will discover new and more points of mutual interest, and understanding each other will help to overcome previous difficulties.

Give all your attention to serious and genuine relationships and love affairs; flirtations, short adventures, and sudden short-lived passions are not for you.

Capricorn subjects should try to be less jealous and to overcome their shyness, or they may be misunderstood. You must be "spontaneous."

Weddings are favored during the autumn, but this will mainly be a year during which those still unattached can meet their future partner. Others will get to know better the person of whom they are fond.

Many women born under the sign of Capricorn will see their love crowned by maternity during 1965.

### Your home

If you manage to overcome your usual reserve, this will be really your year. There are personal satisfactions galore through invitations, social activities, and acts of friendship. You will be liked for your special personality and can establish lasting friendship with people who share your way of thinking.



## CAPRICORN

(Dec. 21-Jan. 19)

At work you find respect and sympathy, and you make friends with people you met under strange circumstances. You have no reason, therefore, to regret losing an old friend; he will soon be back in sackcloth and ashes.

Try not to be so oversensitive with your family and be more accommodating, even if somebody hurts you. Be more understanding with children and overlook their faults at times, or be quiet if you disapprove of their actions.

On the other hand, children will give much pleasure by their own achievements.

Changes in the house will be successful. Best time of the year will be between May and June and from September to November. A friend will give you considerable help and protection.

### Your health

If you prevent seasonal ailments, nothing serious will happen to you. If you need treatment, seek it. Don't forget to see your dentist.

### Fortune

Fortune will be with you in respect of your job and investments. Professional people will find this a particularly good year. There are beneficial circumstances for travel and domestic work. You can, at last, put paid to a complicated matter. You will enjoy a personal gift, perhaps an animal.

## The CAPRICORN man

**T**HIS type is always master of his senses and needs much time to submit to passion. However, once this happens, he gives in to it a 100%. He is attractive and has an enigmatic charm all of his own. He will not fall in love head over heels; he has to get to know a person better and better and may then be able to give passionately. He wants to, and can, penetrate his partner's or his friend's very soul. The difficulties start when it comes to making up his mind to enter into a lasting union — at this point he may get suspicious and frightened, because once he has decided to tie himself down it will be difficult for him to separate again. He loves well-balanced and happy women and would even accept a very pronounced personality of dynamic temperament. His ideal is the serene and loyal companion and he himself is also very faithful.

## The CAPRICORN woman

**S**HE is consequent and constant in her affections, and not even the greatest difficulties can divert her when she is in love. Often the family influences her life and her choice of a partner must, by necessity, be acceptable to the family. The Capricorn woman is often considered cold, but, in fact, she is only very reserved, and in her one usually finds a very sensitive and passionate personality, capable of any sacrifice — although she suffers from being misunderstood. What distinguishes her is a certain "wisdom," which helps her to face up to difficulties in her life with her partner and her children. Very often marriage is the centre of her life.



**D**URING the first four months of the year don't undertake any changes or new ventures unless absolutely unavoidable, nor should you start any legal actions. At the same time, you should be careful and use diplomacy with those around you. Don't be discouraged by these early difficulties, you will not lack opportunities that help clarify the situation.

From April onward you can expect an offer for improvement regarding your work and earnings. You will feel the need to conclude negotiations, and certain prejudices will be overcome.

Although you will enjoy considerable economic improvement, you should still keep daily accounts meticulously; you tend to overspend and get yourself involved in somewhat shady matters.

You will meet interesting personalities and be brilliant yourself.

Try to get used to new surroundings which will become important for you in the near future. Don't press too hard to get what is due to you; there will be an unexpected change in connection with your work, opening up new possibilities.

Where authorities are concerned your problems will be solved best during the second half of the year. Between the end of August and all through September avoid differences of opinion at work, and be very careful to avoid a scandal.

### Love

Try to be more patient and avoid clashes of opinion with your partner early in the year. Later, the stars are more propitious.

Some will have to turn a bend on the road of their emotional life or put matters on an entirely new basis. Whatever happens, don't have regrets about a broken relationship—there are new ones awaiting you.

Those still unattached will make an important acquaintance toward the second half of the year, and contacts with people met on a journey or during a period of rest promise to become of much importance.

For some of you a friendship may become a lasting love. Don't worry about any misunderstandings or complications; during the second part of the year everything will work out to your advantage.

During the first months of the year beware of third persons, maybe relatives, trying to influence you; they are likely to cause difficulties.

### Your home

Misunderstandings and minor upsets with old friends will teach you to be objective and generous; leave it to time to clear the atmosphere. During the first six months



## AQUARIUS

(Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

of the year you must do everything to clear up a sequence of misunderstandings and scandal-mongering. You will have proof of who your real friends are.

Later in the year you should accept invitations and opportunities to meet new people; social activities should be intensified and will help you get on.

Family relations are extremely well influenced; there is just a small chance of some worry about the illness or difficulties of an elderly person. Some of you receive unexpected gifts from relatives you have not seen for a long time.

Whatever is connected with the family is likely to bring pleasant news, whatever misunderstandings there might have been disappear.

The year favors moving house or redecorating—follow your own good taste. Many of you will at last be able to have your own home.

### Your health

Don't worry that your health won't keep up with your energy—apart from minor stomach upsets your health will steadily improve and you will feel fitter and better.

### Fortune

A long-planned ambition will be achieved and, during the second half of the year, you will undertake a journey you always longed to make. There is a chance of winning if speculating or gambling. The reappearance of a relative will bring you luck.

## The AQUARIUS man

**H**E rarely is guided only by passion: to attract him it needs mutual interests, friendly feelings, and a certain intellectual basis. Even with friends his continuously changing moods are evident, and to be able to follow him one has to be adaptable. The Aquarian is always entertaining and amusing, he belongs to the group of successful men. His partner must be tolerant and understanding and with a liking for eccentricities. He feels at home everywhere, loves romance and adventure, and runs away from exaggerated love. He is capable of breaking off a relationship all of a sudden, for reasons only he himself understands.

## The AQUARIUS woman

**S**HE is nearly always extremely attractive, forever showing new sides to her character so that one can never know her completely. One day she'll be full of passion, the next enigmatic as a sphinx, cold and aloof. She will never stick for any length of time to a pedantic or ordinary man; she looks for surprise and the extraordinary. While she needs a versatile and stimulating partner, she in turn is also able to enrich his life. Without much effort she will completely transform the person she loves, giving him new interests and ideas. Even in cases of later separation, both sides will always retain something positive to remember. On the other hand, she is capable of reviving a past relationship with an unbelievable intensity.



**S**UCCESS this year depends on whether you know how to make the most of your intelligence and savoir-faire. If you have more self-confidence and are less susceptible, your worries will easily be solved.

Don't give in to misunderstanding or self-deprecation. At work, don't change anything and don't give in to unjustified opposition. Don't take on long-term obligations.

The basis of your work and financial situation is good, and time is on your side. There is a chance of unexpected money coming in, but don't listen if somebody advises you to invest in something you are not happy about.

Use diplomacy and care in all your dealings, and don't count too much on help from others. You need tact to establish a pleasant relationship with superiors and colleagues.

If you must undertake any changes in connection with your work or in a strictly personal matter, don't take advice, follow your own intuition.

There will be important offers of extra earnings, but before you take on such jobs study every detail. This is a year during which you had better stick to the road you already know and don't look for changes and new ventures.

Give up your old prejudice and hard judgment in respect of a certain person.

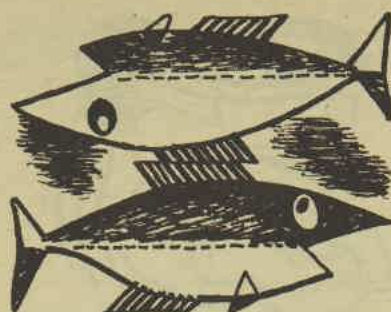
### Love

Beware of creating emotional confusion due to a duplicity of events. This year will present you with a number of unexpected experiences. You will have much success, but this might create jealousy and envy. Before making a definite decision, take the advice of an experienced person.

If you make new acquaintances, study them well. You will get on well with a person who has so far kept aloof. Many will make a quick decision to get married, sometimes under pressure from third persons.

Those looking for a partner meet new people, but unless they decide on reciprocal sincerity from the outset nothing will come of it. You are likely to see people through pink glasses and later be bitterly disappointed.

In 1965 matters of the heart require utmost attention and you should never try to force the issue; leave it to time. Thanks to your usual intuition and healthy instinct, you avoid making irreparable mistakes.



## PISCES

(Feb. 20-March 20)

### Your home

Don't take it too seriously if a friendship goes on the rocks. Generally, your friends will give you proof of affection and respect, resulting in assistance and useful advice and giving you unexpected satisfaction.

Often you take an overpessimistic view about possible misunderstandings. Give and accept as many invitations as possible.

Money matters in connection with children and relatives can be solved. You will enjoy help over a strictly personal matter, and your secret dream will now find realisation. Be prepared to help an elderly friend or relative.

### Your health

Your health needs special care this year, because you tend to work very hard and worry at times. Nothing will be seriously wrong with you, but every minor ailment is an obstacle in your way. Beware of nervous exhaustion and loss of sleep.

### Fortune

Some joy over the success of a person you are very fond of comes your way. This will be a year of unexpected events: the arrival of people almost forgotten, friendships made under strange circumstances, and a stroke of luck following a letter or document. Extraordinary financial improvement is foreseen at the beginning of the year.

## The PISCES man

**T**HE sensitive soul of the Pisces subjects is spontaneously open for love, affection, and friendship. There is no emotion for him without romance. He is the ideal companion, adaptable and tender, although he has a much stronger personality than appearance makes one believe. Capable of great passion, this often turns for him into suffering; he is jealous, but hides it well. One has to be most careful with him: when he is in love, he instinctively knows what is going on and can almost read other people's thoughts. Complications and difficult situations for him are like poison. He is easily impressionable and tends to exaggerate due to his lively imagination. Quarrels and arguments can destroy his deepest feelings; his is not a fighting nature. He knows how to treat his partner better than anybody else.

## The PISCES woman

**F**ROM every point of view she is a very able "daughter of Eve." Her beauty, grace, and sensitivity will help her to find friends and admiration everywhere. Her feelings usually guide her; she dreams, and at times a small kindness will become of fundamental importance to her. She may have more than one love affair in her life, but all of them will form a harmonious part of her existence. In her case one may say: "One king follows the other, but all are liked and loved." She dislikes scenes, violence, and has very delicate nerves. Love, for her, is a necessity and a governing force; life without love would make her indolent and apathetic and she would let herself go. Love is governed strictly by her heart, never the intellect.



# A GLIMPSE INTO 1966



## ARIES (March 21 - April 20)

**THE** year will start brilliantly, but there will be a standstill from May to September. Everything regarding your job and social and business relationships should be resolved either during the first four months or the last three months of the year. You may even count on unexpected luck for speculative enterprises, but they must be based on sound foundations, not just imagination. During this year you may encounter some enmity and you should be very diplomatic.

**Love:** A year of surprises. You will be somewhat fed-up with existing relationships. Many will find it difficult to continue a love affair in face of opposition; don't try to force the issue. Best time for weddings is January-April and October-December.

**Home:** Family problems find favorable solutions. Pleasant surprises from relatives and children; for many this will be the year when their child will be born. Some difficulties during April, July, and August. Cultivate contacts; give parties.



## TAURUS (April 21 - May 20)

**A** YEAR of success and good fortune. Rather than start new activities, you extend, improve, and consolidate your usual job. There will be financial improvements toward the end of spring. This is a year of the unexpected; you must be open to innovations. A problem which has been on your mind can be solved.

**Love:** Matters of the heart will be based on reciprocal affection and a sharing of tastes and interests, with a special note of

romance. Many will decide on getting married, but there is also a chance of an old-established relationship being broken off. Much will depend on your handling of delicate matters. Sentimental encounters will be particularly successful during April, May, and June. Beware of losing your head for a rather irresponsible person who may upset your life.

**Home:** Up to the beginning of October you will be able to settle problems. Difficulties may arise with an elderly person.



## GEMINI (May 21 - June 21)

**THE** situation fluctuates, partly because you have so many plans. Don't be obstinate, but accept advice. Problems that need quick solution are favorably influenced by Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, but avoid making rash decisions and making immediate changes. Try to get on well with elderly people and superiors, even if you don't agree with them.

**Love:** You may dream, but not too much or the awakening will be cruel.

You tend to have a lot of illusions and realise afterwards that you are not really interested. Don't break off one relationship in order to enter into another uncertain one. You won't go short of success and admiration; on the contrary, there may be too much of it, but it is up to you to make an intelligent choice.

**Home:** Unforeseen decisions may upset family relations, but most of the trouble will solve itself. Home changes should be left for the period between May and September.



## CANCER (June 22 - July 22)

**A** PROPITIOUS year for contacts with people and especially for business relations. Luck is with you in new plans and projects. Rely on your sound judgment and intuition and don't be shy and oversensitive. You now can consolidate your job and obtain considerable improvements, also in financial respects. Best time: May-August.

**Love:** Many will meet the ideal partner this year, and although this won't always lead to marriage it can be turned into a

satisfactory relationship. Try to be more spontaneous and overcome your shyness. Excellent prospects for engagements, marriages, and for adding to the family in June, July, August, and September.

**Home:** In order to get family problems satisfactorily settled, you have to know exactly what you want. Don't be too easily offended and don't be so critical of those around you. Changes to your home are favored in June-August and October-November.



## LEO (July 23 - August 22)

**SOME** difficult decisions will have to be taken, but you will be able to cope, thanks to your spirit of enterprise. Keep your feet firmly on the ground and have a realistic view of matters. Financially, this year should bring you much gain. However, you tend to overspend; don't overdo it.

**Love:** Excellent prospects. Many of you will fall in love and have a number of flirtations. An existing relationship may get more serious and you may reach a

final decision. However, remember that you tend to be jealous and not always objective. Best months are between July and October. There may be considerable worry about a person of whom you are very fond.

**Home:** Domestic problems will take up a lot of your time and may exhaust your patience. Family matters should not be pushed too hard during this year; they will find their natural solution eventually. Domestic changes are favored.



## VIRGO (August 23 - September 23)

**AN** interesting year, but not without tension. If you keep calm and don't get too involved, you may turn it into a very creative period. Important matters should be left alone until the beginning of May. Even if certain sacrifices become unavoidable, you will still be able to draw a positive balance by the end of the year. Avoid risks and speculations early in the year.

**Love:** Matters of the heart will be more exciting than in past years, but be careful

to avoid difficult situations. If a relationship is doomed, accept it without dramatising. Many of you fix engagements and weddings during the second half of the year. Some will experience a serious crisis with their partner; don't criticise and matters will soon be back to normal.

**Home:** There will be interesting propositions leading to an improvement at home. Many of you will have to move house because of your work during the second part of the year. Personal success awaits you at social functions.



# A GLIMPSE INTO 1966 (continued)



## LIBRA (September 24 - October 23)

NEW ideas will have to be considered for a year which is propitious, but which requires considerable effort and tenacity from you. It will start under excellent influences for material and financial matters, but things will come to a standstill and you will have to cope with new problems. Don't take on any financial obligations, don't lend money, and don't start speculative investments. Prospects are much more favorable toward the end of the year.

**Love:** A somewhat unsettled but eventful time. See things objectively and don't take a mild flirtation for a lasting affection. Many of you will have to find a definite solution to a long-lasting relationship. Weddings and engagements should be fixed February-April or October-November. A friendship may develop into a much more serious attachment.

**Home:** Family problems should be dealt with very calmly. Domestic changes are advisable during spring or autumn. Social life and visits are favored this year.



## SCORPIO (October 24 - November 22)

TAKE great care that you won't be landed in difficult situations. Generally, this will be a lucky year for you, particularly in respect of professional possibilities. Be careful in financial matters; there may be unexpected expenses for the family.

**Love:** You will feel the need to live much more intensely, and you will have much success. Those still unattached may find their life companion. Those already tied to a person will find that

they have to overcome certain obstacles — mainly indifference and tiredness. Beware of making a rash decision. May to October is propitious for engagements and weddings.

**Home:** Short of minor upsets during January, May, and September, everything connected with the family should proceed smoothly. A secret may be discovered. Dedicate more time to social activities; this may be very important for your future.



## SAGITTARIUS (November 23 - December 20)

THERE will be some difficulties, but if you know how to cope with them it should be a good year. Don't exaggerate the importance of certain matters. During the first part of the year you will be tempted to spend more than you can afford, but excellent earnings during the second part of the year will compensate for this.

**Love:** You will find the romance and understanding you seek, but this is not the year to make final decisions. Wait

for things to mature, be guided by your intuition and intelligence. Many will fall passionately in love, but should examine the sincerity of their feelings. Most success is likely during May, August, and October-December.

**Home:** Family relationships will present problems, but if you show patience and understanding they sort themselves out. Elderly people will cause some worry. Many Sagittarius subjects will have to move house. There will be much satisfaction from social activities.



## CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 19)

YOUR good fortune this year won't come by itself. It is up to you to create it with your work. All your projects now enter a phase of improvement and progress. An unexpected change turns out to be most advantageous. Financially, you have to be particularly careful between May and October, when there will be unexpected expenditure.

**Love:** Many will now reach the happiness they have craved. A relationship kept secret and considered almost hopeless will

suddenly develop favorably. Social success is forecast from February to mid-March and during October and November. If you had to postpone your wedding date, now is the time to fix it. A very influential person will take a great liking to you.

**Home:** You should tackle family problems during the beginning of the year or postpone them until spring. Between May and October there is likely to be sadness, but this will be compensated by the success of a child or the birth of a baby. Intense social life later in the year.



## AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 19)

A YEAR of continued progress. Those who work on their own and are engaged on an activity connected with travel and removals will have special luck. Legal matters and negotiations with official bodies should be tackled at the beginning of the year. You will have some money to spend.

**Love:** Many of you will find the ideal partner in 1966. Beware, because however sincere the person may be there may be something you don't know. Difficulties and

differences of opinion are likely between married couples and people attached to each other for a long time.

**Home:** You always find the right way out over delicate problems. A change or removal, however attractive, will cause extra expenses but will bring unexpected satisfaction. A busy time socially, with many invitations and parties. Toward the end of the year take care not to enter into an unpleasant situation, caused perhaps by a critical remark from you.



## PISCES (February 20 - March 20)

CONSIDER matters carefully before you take action. You can be very optimistic about the outcome, but leave important matters that can't find quick solutions. Be careful over financial ventures, especially during the first part of the year. A long-pending financial matter can now be settled. During the first four months of the year avoid legal questions.

**Love:** Matters of the heart may develop and assume great importance. This will become a decisive year for you, because

you will break off a stale relationship and make new acquaintances. You will score much success, but your lack of realism may spoil things. Don't force matters. Don't dramatise a disappointment.

**Home:** Family relations will be pleasant. The departure of a relative after first regrets will ultimately mean a considerable relief for you. Socially, you may sometimes feel that you are not really wanted, but you will score considerable success and should accept invitations.



# FOR ALL SEASONS

● Modern seed-raising mixtures have taken the trickiness out of preparing soil and seed-boxes. Almost any containers are suitable, and seedlings can be transplanted without "shock" or loss.

## SUMMER INTO AUTUMN

This sowing period is:

Temperate: January to May

Sub-tropical: January to May

Cold: January to early April

KIND	HEIGHT INCHES	PREDOMINANT COLORS	ASPECT	METHOD OF SOWING	REMARKS	WEEKS TO FLOWER
ALYSSUM	4	White, lilac	Sun or part	Direct, thin out	Any soil, but add a little lime for best results.	8
LIVINGSTONE DAISY	4	Purple, buff	Sun	Direct or transplant	Require good drainage and full sun (sow April).	16-20
AUBRETIA	4	Mauve	Sun or part	Direct or transplant	Best as a rockery spillover.	12-16
LOBELIA	6	Deep blue	Sun or part	Direct or transplant	Flowers in late spring — sow April-May.	20-24
NIEREMBERGIA	6	Lavender blue	Sun or part	Transplant	Suitable rockeries or window boxes.	26-30
BELLIS PERENNIS	6	Pink, white	Sun or part	Transplant	English daisies — subject to rust in humid areas.	20-24
PANSY	6	All shades	Sun or part	Transplant	Sow in cool position — give seedlings surface mulch.	18
VIOLA	6	All shades	Sun or part	Transplant	Sow in cool position — give seedlings surface mulch.	16
VIRGINIAN STOCK	8	Pink, mauve	Sun or shade	Direct	As Alyssum.	14
DWARF STOCK	9	Red, pink, mauve	Sun	Direct or transplant	Free flowering, ideal for windy areas.	16
FORGET-ME-NOT	10	Blue	Sun or shade	Direct or transplant	Extremely hardy, even in damp, badly drained areas.	10-12
MIDGET LUPIN	10	Pink, blue	Sun	Direct	Useful little border.	16
MIGNONETTE	10	Buff	Sun or part	Direct	A wonderful perfume.	10-12
PETITE MARIGOLDS	10	Orange, gold	Sun	Direct or transplant	Frost-free areas only.	10-12
NEMESIA	10	Reds, tawny, and "Blue Gem"	Sun	Direct or transplant	April sowings are best — "Blue Gem," although smaller, combines well with "Carnival."	16
POLYANTHUS	10	All shades	Sun or shade	Transplant	Flower heads smaller first season unless sown early (Oct. to Jan.).	32
PRIMULA	12	Carmine	Sun or part	Transplant	Seed does not germinate in rich soil containing ammonia — a dusting with lime and superphosphate helps — sow early.	24-28
ANEMONE	12	Blue, red	Sun	Transplant or corms direct	Like rich soil, but intolerant of strong chemical fertilisers.	Seeds 26 Corms 20
SWEET WIVELSFIELD	12	Red, white	Sun or part	Direct or transplant	Useful for cutting.	24
CALENDULA	12	Orange, yellow	Sun	Direct or transplant	Prolong flowering by removing old flowers.	12-14
LINARIA	12	Pink, bronze	Sun or part	Direct and thin out	"Fairy Bouquet" is more compact variety.	10-12
NEMOPHILA	12	Blue	Sun	Direct and thin out	A useful fill in.	10-12
CANDYTUFT	14	Mauve, pink, white	Sun	Direct and thin out	White hyacinth flowered is effective also. All prefer a little lime.	12
AURORA DAISY	18	Pink, tawny shades	Sun	Direct or transplant	Main flush in spring, carry some flowers nearly all year round.	16-20
CARNATION	18	All except blues	Sun	Direct or transplant	Best treated as annuals.	28
DIDISCUS	18	Blue	Sun	Direct and thin out	Require good drainage.	18-20
POOR MAN'S ORCHIDS (Schizanthus)	18	Pink, mauve	Sun or shade	Direct or transplant	Best sown March-April.	16
RANUNCULUS	18	Red, pink, yellow	Sun	As Anemone	Except in cool districts, do not plant corms until April.	Seeds 30 Corms 24
EVERLASTING DAISY (ACROLINIUM)	20	Pink	Sun	Direct or transplant	Flowers may be dried by hanging bunches heads downwards.	
HONESTY	20	Mauve, silver pods	Sun or part	Direct or transplant	Best in a cool situation to form seed pods.	14 (to flower)
DWARF BIJOU SWEET PEA	20	All except yellow	Sun	Sow direct	New this year — for rockeries, window boxes, etc. Sow April.	16-20
POPPY (ICELAND)	24	All except blue	Sun	Transplant	Sow thinly in pots or boxes, will not make growth until thinned out. Sow Jan.-Feb.	24
CINERARIA	24	Blue, purple	Mostly shade	Transplant	Useful under trees, must have frost protection.	20
WALLFLOWER	24	Russet, gold	Sun	Direct or transplant	Annual varieties are quickest.	16-20
CYNOGLOSSUM	24	Blue	Sun or part	Direct or transplant	A giant forget-me-not.	16-20
CANTERBURY BELLS	30	Blue, pink, white	Sun or part	Transplant	Annual and perennial types, flower erratically in mild climates.	16-24
STOCKS	30	Carmine, mauve, pinks, and cream	Sun	Direct or transplant	Prefer some lime and good drainage. Plant column types closely (4"-5").	16-20
GODETIA	30	Pink	Sun	Direct or transplant	Flower best in poor soil. Sow April-May.	20-24
MOLUCCA BALM Irish green bell flower	36	Green	Sun or part	Direct or transplant	Pluck leaves to expose "bells."	12-14
CLARKIA	36	Pink	Sun	Direct or transplant	As Godetia.	14-16
LEPTOSYNE	36	Gold	Sun	Direct or transplant	Useful for cutting or as a background subject.	12-14
SHIRLEY POPPY	36	Pink, red	Sun	Direct and thin out	Require little attention.	12-14
LUPINS	36	Pink, blue	Sun	Sow direct	Nicrescens and pearl types make slightly larger bushes than Hartwegii (small seeded).	16-20
CORNFLOWER	40	Blue or pink	Sun	Direct or transplant	Spray for aphids in early stages.	14-16
SCABIOUS	40	Pink, mauve	Sun	Direct or transplant	Plants may need support.	14
LARKSPUR	48	Pink, blue	Sun	Direct or transplant	Need cool nights to germinate (sow April).	20-24
IPOMOPSIS (GILIA)	48	Scarlet	Sun	Direct or transplant	Similar growth to Larkspur.	18-20
FOXGLOVE	60	Mauve, cream	Sun or part	Transplant	Perennial in all but sub-tropical areas.	24-28
HOLLYHOCK	72	Pink, red	Sun	Transplant	Usually need spraying (zineb) to prevent rust.	28-32
SWEET-PEAS	80	All except yellow	Sun	Direct	Add lime and complete fertiliser before sowing. Water sparingly until seedlings appear.	20



# THE PYJAMA

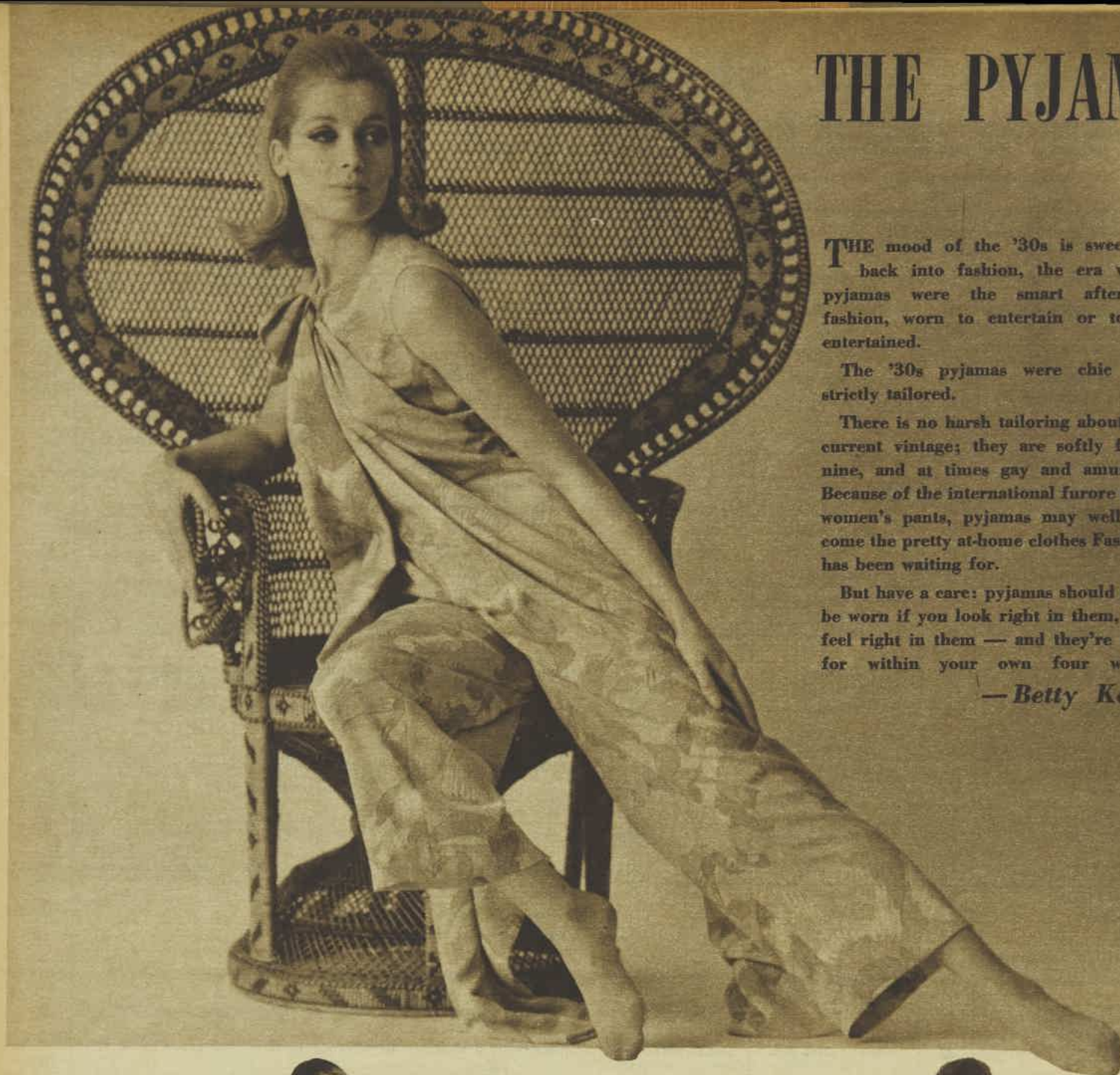
**T**HE mood of the '30s is sweeping back into fashion, the era when pyjamas were the smart after-five fashion, worn to entertain or to be entertained.

The '30s pyjamas were chic and strictly tailored.

There is no harsh tailoring about the current vintage; they are softly feminine, and at times gay and amusing. Because of the international furor over women's pants, pyjamas may well become the pretty at-home clothes Fashion has been waiting for.

But have a care: pyjamas should only be worn if you look right in them, and feel right in them — and they're only for within your own four walls.

— Betty Keep



**THE ULTIMATE** in soft, feminine grace is seen in the pyjama suit above. The suit is made in an exotic flower-printed silk and has a matching floor-sweeping coat. The coat is full, sleeveless, and tied softly at the high, collarless neckline.

**SUMMER'S** most romantic pyjamas (left) are made in wonderful white embroidered sheer. The bloused top is sleeveless, the pantaloons-like pyjama legs are ruffle-trimmed. In Paris, pyjamas in this category are worn out dancing.

**FEMININE** at-home pyjamas (right) have a wide, two-legged flounced trouser-skirt made in black lace. The matching, figure-moulding top is lined in flesh-pink silk. A wide black taffeta sash is tied at side-centre to complete the ensemble.





# SUIT SWINGS

# INTO LATE-DAY FASHIONS



A LEGGY FLUTTER of tiers and a matching sleeveless top are combined in this gay young pyjama suit made in flower-printed silk. In direct contrast to the frilled trouser-legs, the sleeveless top has a conventional back-and-front, scooped-out neckline.



THE TUNIC, one of the newest silhouettes in fashion, has entered the pyjama world. Example above is knee-length, has side vents, and is trimmed with leaf embroidery. The tunic is worn over slender ankle-length pants. Pyjamas are in white silk crepe embroidered in black.





What  
every  
baby  
dreams  
of

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BRAND  
MILK**

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the only evaporated milk  
with its goodness  
protected by a

**GOLD LINED CAN**

ASK YOUR DOCTOR  
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# A day in Spring

An appealing story  
complete on this page

**BY DON  
STANFORD**

**T**HE girl got on at the stop near the park, when every seat on the bus was already taken and there were two men standing. Big raindrops were just beginning to spatter between the sweeping windshield wipers when Angus MacIver nosed the bus to the kerb and the door hissed open and in stepped the girl.

She came skipping from the shelter of the shop awning, where a Marine was wiping away a smear of lipstick from his cheek. Such was the effect of her shining eyes and the delicate flush of her cheeks that five men rose to offer her their seats.

Angus MacIver dropped her money twice and finally managed to give her change. Her smile scorched his face as he put the bus into gear, and a searing hatred rose in him for the man whose front seat she was graciously accepting.

And then in a fragmented instant a ball bounced into the glistening, rain-wet street ahead of the blurred windshield, and MacIver slammed on his air brakes. A small boy in a yellow slicker dived heedlessly in front of the half-ton wheels and then ran back to the kerb with his ball, triumphant. In the cacophony of startled whoops from his passengers, MacIver turned and neatly caught the girl as she toppled toward him.

The force of her fall brought her half lying across MacIver's lap in the protective circle of his arms, and she was all fresh warmth and softness. For one startled moment she clung to him as if he were a sanctuary. Then someone snickered and laughter welled through the bus and she gasped, the color rising on her cheekbones.

She slipped hurriedly into the seat across the aisle while Angus MacIver, breathing like a man who has run an uphill mile, let out his clutch.

The bus lumbered on and the rain sluiced down and the doors hissed open and shut again. Angus MacIver's heart stopped each time the bus stopped, and only started again when he saw she was still on board, sitting primly erect, making no move yet to get up and depart from his life.

But each time the fresh smell of spring rain breezed into the bus there were fewer stops to go, and his agony deepened, and still he could think of nothing to say, nothing to do.

Then came Laurelvale, and as the bus headed in toward the kerb she stood up. MacIver's heart plummeted



*Smiling radiantly, the pretty girl turned to speak to Angus before she opened the door of the house.*

and his hand froze on the door-release handle. The girl stopped, waiting patiently for the doors to open. No one else moved; no one else was getting off here. And neither—the vow came unbidden from the heart of Angus MacIver—was she.

"You live far?" he inquired. The girl answered faintly, bewildered: "No, not far. In River Park. Please, can I—"

"Why, that's a mile, pretty near!" Angus MacIver said and without volition his hand moved from door-release to gearshift lever and his foot eased off the clutch. "And it's raining! You'd be soaked to the skin. Sit down, miss. I'll take you home."

Back in the bus, muffled cries of alarm and disbelief and consternation spread as MacIver, with a wide left turn, swung his cumbersome vehicle grandly off its route and trundled majestically down toward River Park.

The girl, thrown off balance by the turn, slipped hastily back into her seat. She said in a faint cry of protest, "But you can't—I mean, really, you needn't..."

Her small voice was lost in the swelling babble that filled the bus, and then above the confusion rose one authoritative male voice. "Driver, what do you think you're doing? You can't take the bus off its route! You have no right—Are you drunk? I'm going to—"

There was a brief scuffling sound and the demanding voice stopped, and a younger male voice said cheerfully and clearly, "You're going to keep your mouth shut, Pops. So it's a mile out of the way—you can spare ten minutes. And the guy's not drunk. Didn't you see his face when she fell in his lap? It's something bigger than that hit him, Pops. What goes on in spring, huh?"

Somebody giggled, and a woman's voice said, "Love."

"I live right here," the girl said in a strained and muffled voice. "It's the white house. Thank you, and—"

The bus stopped and the doors hissed open, but Angus MacIver was on the ground before her, possessively helping her down from the high step, and in that instant the rain stopped,

as spring rains do, abruptly and completely. MacIver turned and escorted her unhurriedly to her door.

She turned to him. Her eyes were wide but not bewildered; her lips were parted and the fragrance of her shining hair was dizzying to Angus.

"You'll—you'll lose your job!" she said in a voice that tried to be stern but broke with a giggle, and Angus MacIver's heart soared at the unspoken words in her eyes.

He grinned and answered confidently, "I've lost nothing. The job was to give me time to think—to know what I'm going to be. Now I know, in general terms..."

Her ivory brow furrowed with the unspoken question.

MacIver cleared his throat and said gruffly, "You like Marines, I noticed. Tomorrow I'll be a Marine. Anything else you'd prefer, why, I can be that, too. What a man needs, before he decides who he's going to be is to know why. I just found out. You're why, aren't you?"

The girl glanced away and blushed, and he followed her gaze and saw that the windows of his bus were crowded with faces, most of them grinning.

"Yes, I like Marines," she said hurriedly. "That one you saw happened to be my brother, but I've nothing against them in general. Or bus drivers either. I've always felt I wouldn't care what my man did, once I found him—but I'm not going to discuss that now. And don't you come back before eight o'clock—my father hates people who interrupt his dinner!"

"Eight it is, then," MacIver said. She opened the door and grinned at him like a pixie and said, "Oh—and don't bring the bus tonight, please! It's kind of conspicuous on a quiet street."

A quiet street it was, too, and well off the bus route. No doubt that accounted for the astonishing number of people who watched from windows and doorsteps as Angus MacIver drove majestically away with his load of passengers—all of them cheering like kids after a basketball game as the spring sun came out again.

(Copyright)





## Parent emu and chicks

EMU AND CHICKS feeding on the lonely old Canning Stock Route (W.A.), which stretches from Half's Creek in the Kimberleys to Wiluna. In the emu world, mother lays the large green eggs, usually eight or nine, on the ground, then father takes over. He incubates the eggs and, when the chicks hatch, looks after them till they can care for themselves. The chicks here are about a month old and for at least another month will keep the characteristic plumage stripes seen in the picture.

Picture by Vincent Serventy

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Continued from page 19

"So do I," Jerry said in a voice devoid of any emotion save despair.

"I met Jimmy when I was at your house," Marilee went on. "But of course I never met you."

"Jimmy is a hopeless case," Jerry said. He turned and included me in this remark, obviously feeling that a hopeless case was something I could understand, too.

"You know perfectly well how I got them mixed up," Pete said. "I told you. Wait until you have a family the size of ours. You'll be lucky if you can tell one from another without a score card."

Marilee gave a small shudder that Pete was unable to see. He whistled cheerfully, and the little car rocked off the causeway and wound round the dunes and the stretches of sand beyond, until we reached the parking field. The first sea breezes struck my head as we climbed out of the car, and my hair, as usual, began to spring into the air.

"Bugs," Marilee said impatiently, "will you put this on, please?" Like a genie, she reached into her vast straw bag and pulled out a fluttering green scarf, which she proceeded to tie under my chin.

I knew from past experience that I now resembled a small refugee, but I was beyond caring. It seemed unlikely that Jerry Whitehall ever would look anywhere except over my head, anyway. I wished him back in Massachusetts with all the fervor I knew.

"Well," Pete said heartily, "you kids for shuffleboard? Or how about archery?"

Archery is a great way to get your arms around a girl," Pete said.

I had a flash of horror, but obviously no brighter a one than Jerry, for he said quickly, "How about shuffleboard?" His tone betrayed his terrible ennui.

As a matter of fact, I did not particularly like shuffleboard, but I nodded and said, "Yes—oh, yes."

"Well, wander over there, then," Pete said. "We'll catch you later. We're heading for the dance floor."

He strolled off with Marilee, and the horrible moment arrived—the two of us were alone. We proceeded along the path like two strangers who happened to be heading in the same direction.

"This—this is a very—a very interesting place," I said finally.

"It's a beach, isn't it?" he said.

"Well, yes, it is, but—" I searched desperately for something unique. "Look, for instance—look at the water coolers. They're made like ships' wheels—see?"

I stopped at a water cooler, spun the wheel, and the drinking fountain gushed.

He gave the cooler a weary glance. "Damned unfunctional," he said.

"The wastebaskets are

made like ships' funnels," I said. We passed a wastebasket.

He ignored it. "Where is this place you want to play shuffleboard?"

I pointed, and we continued, side by side, paces apart. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see him gazing around rather furtively at the people who passed us.

"Are—are you looking for someone?" I said at last.

"I doubt that anyone I know would be here," he said. "I was simply checking." He had the trapped look of a squirrel I once had seen in a cage, and I had the funny feeling that if he did see anyone he knew he might leap the balustrade and disappear into the sand.

**W**E played some desultory shuffleboard, with Jerry casting the same furtive looks about the courts. Suddenly he dropped the stick and walked to my side. "Say, they've been gone a long time," he said. "We couldn't lose them here, could we?" His obvious dismay at the mere thought of our being stranded together was such that I put down my stick, and we started toward the outdoor dance floor.

The music was the slow and soft kind—or perhaps it only seems so now in memory. The dancers drifted about the floor wrapped around each other; they were an unbearably romantic group under that summer moon. We sat on a bench and watched them. Marilee and Pete floated by, and I thought what a shoulder that was to put your head on and know it could stay there. It is all so improbable, when you are fourteen, that there will ever be a shoulder for you.

The second time they passed us Marilee looked up, waved, and tugged at Pete's sleeve. They left the dance floor and threaded their way to the bench. "Now, Bugs," Marilee said, "do you suppose I could borrow Jerry for a dance?"

Jerry brightened visibly. "You obviously intend to, anyway, so go ahead," Pete said. He sat down beside me, and we watched the two of them disappear into the crowd.

We sat in silence while the orchestra played some haunting song of that summer. I glanced at Pete, and he was gazing moodily at the dance floor, completely unaware of me. I watched him as he searched for Marilee, found her, and fastened his gaze on her.

I saw her sweep past, and she looked so familiar—she was being the butterfly. At times like this she had a particular tilt to her head and a lift to her chin and a certain smile she never wasted on anyone but a new man.

I wondered if Pete knew she was practising. It occurred to me that quite possibly he had no way of knowing: the rustle of Marilee's wings was an old, familiar sound around our house, but he had seen her

only when her gaze was fixed on him. Now, as I watched, he looked so forlorn that he was all at once a different person.

I was not wise enough, that summer night, to see that, in our various ways, we were all still very young—Jerry, with his practised Harvard air and his horror at the thought of being seen with me; Marilee, restless and lovely and flying still from the silken net; and me—with no hope at all.

All I saw was something vulnerable in Pete, and it was so unique that he be vulnerable at all that I put a hand on his arm and said, "That's just a habit she has, you know. When she looks that way, and smiles that way, it doesn't mean anything."

He pulled himself back with some difficulty. "What?" he said.

"I said it doesn't mean anything," I said.

He looked, if possible, even more forlorn. "That is what I'm afraid of," he said. He turned back to the dance floor and watched them pass again, doing some kind of fanciful step that caused Marilee's dress to blow in the breeze about her.

"But what I mean is—" I said. "Well, just for one thing, look how much younger he is than Marilee. Do you know that Marilee is twenty-one?"

Pete sank back, plunged his hands in his pockets, and stretched out his legs. The bench, like the car, seemed not big enough to hold him. "Sure," he said, "he's younger than she is. But do you know what, Bugs? Some other guy won't be."

He shrugged. "I know a girl who is still on the move every time I meet one—I can't blame anybody but myself. And I'm a pretty big guy for daydreams, wouldn't you say?" He turned to me. "Big Pete Whitehall, the family's bull in the china shop. It just sets me up so, having her on my arm."

He clasped his arms together and regarded them. "Did you ever have anything like that, Bugs? A phony thing, I guess, but—"

He was still young enough that night to need a dream, and evidently he needed his as much as I ever would need one of mine. His was beginning to fade. You could see it growing smudged about the edges even then. A couple of months later, when Marilee met a Princeton man, it was gone entirely.

At that moment, however, some of it must have remained, for with the benevolence you feel when you are in love, he was able to take time out to be kind to me.

He stood up. "Come on," he said. "I'll buy you a bag of popcorn. That guy you're with is saving his money for a college tuxedo. He'll never feed you at all." We strolled toward the refreshment stand. "And don't forget, Bugs," he said, "you can tell your friends you were out with a Harvard man. I'll

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## THE PHANTOM LOVER

(Advertisement)



**BEAUTIFUL** shoulders are smooth, supple and either have a gorgeous golden glow from the sun or else are classically, dazzling milk white. It is important that you care for them constantly so any spots or blemishes should be treated by patting with lemon delf skin freshener and then smoothed over with a film of oil of ulan. This moist oil is isotonic balanced to nourish the skin so that your shoulders quickly acquire a lovely, velvet-textured bloom.

... Margaret Merrill.

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

Looking for pennies from heaven?

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# made with ROSES

- These unusual recipes, which combine so well with a variety of other foods, owe their delicate perfume and rich color to fresh rose petals — their main ingredient.

ROSE DISHES below are a liqueur, jam, vinegar, wine, rosewater, and a versatile jelly.



**T**HERE are many ways of using these recipes. Try drizzling the Rose Syrup over vanilla ice-cream, or use to tint and sweeten whipped cream; add to milkshakes, cake icings.

Use the Rose Jelly to top each serving of ice-cream, or spread over small, hot pancakes, hot muffins, raisin toast; or top servings of baked rice puddings. Spread the Rose Jam or Honey of Roses on hot scones.

Make a delicious fruit salad topping by combining 1 tablespoon Rose Vinegar and 1½ tablespoons Rose Syrup with ½ cup sour cream—add red food coloring if you wish.

See overleaf for advice on picking roses to use in these recipes.



## ROSE JELLY

Nine large cooking apples, water, sugar, ½ lb. red rose petals, juice 2 lemons, red coloring (if needed).

Slice apples up roughly, do not peel. Place in large saucepan, cover with water. Simmer slowly to a pulp, strain through jelly-bag, leave it to drip overnight. Measure liquid, and to every pint allow 1 lb. sugar. Add sugar to apple juice, stir over gentle heat until dissolved. Add rose petals and lemon juice. Boil until mixture jells when tested; add a little coloring if desired. Strain through fine muslin before bottling.



## ROSE SYRUP

Four cups firmly packed rose petals, 1½ cups cold water, 4 cups sugar.

In enamel or heatproof glass saucepan combine rose petals and water. Bring to the boil, slowly stir in sugar. Simmer gently about 10 minutes. Strain through fine cheesecloth, store in sterilised jars in refrigerator at least 10 days before using. Makes about 1 quart.

## ROSE PETAL JAM

One pound strongly scented rose petals (red and pink colorings are best), 2 cups pure apple juice, 3 lb. sugar, juice 1 lemon.

Cut off white heels of each rose petal because these become bitter in cooking. Combine rose petals and apple juice, bring to the boil; strain liquid and reserve petals. Return liquid to pan, add sugar, stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and rose petals, continue cooking over heat until mixture jells. Pour into sterilised jars, seal with paraffin wax.



## ROSE WINE

Recipe No. 1: Five to six pounds rose petals, boiling water, 4 pints water, 2 lb. sugar, grated rinds 3 lemons and 3 oranges, 1 oz. yeast, ½ cup warm water.

Bruise rose petals with wooden spoon, pour boiling water over them just to cover, let stand overnight. Bring the water and sugar to boil in saucepan, add grated rinds of lemons and oranges, boil mixture 5 minutes. Add rose petals and liquid, then remove from heat, strain mixture through cheesecloth into large crock or bowl. Add boiling water to make up to full gallon (8 pints); cover bowl with cloth, allow to stand until lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in the ½ cup warm water, stir into mixture. Replace cloth, allow to stand 24 hours at a temperature of about 70deg. F. Skim must from top, pour into a gallon jug, fix on firm seal or fill into preserving fruit-juice bottles and fix on seals firmly. Let wine ferment at about 60deg. F. for 4 weeks. If using gallon jug, pour wine off into small bottles, and cork them. Flavor should improve over 6 months, but it deteriorates after 12 months.

Recipe No. 2: Three quarts rose petals (strongly scented if possible), 4 pints boiling water, 3 lb. sugar, extra 4 pints water, 2 lemons.

Pour boiling water over rose petals, cover well. Leave 48 hours, stirring often. Combine half the sugar and 2 pints of the water in saucepan, bring to the boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil 2 minutes, allow to cool. Add to petal mixture, cover and let stand 5 days to ferment. Strain mixture through fine cheesecloth, wring out well. Return liquor to the fermenting vessel, let it ferment further 10 days. Pour the liquor into gallon jar, leaving behind as much deposit as possible. Then boil together the remainder of the sugar and water with the juice of the lemons; add to rose petal liquor. Cover again with a fermentation lock, or seal with plastic and leave until fermentation has ceased and liquid becomes clear.

- Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

## HONEY OF ROSES

Quarter pound red rose petals, 1½ pints boiling water, 2½ lb. clear honey.

Cut white heels from rose petals, place in basin, pour over boiling water and stir well. Cover lightly, allow to stand 12 hours. Then drain liquid through fine sieve, pressing out as much color as possible from petals, add honey. Stir over gentle heat until boiling. Simmer until thick syrup. Fill into heated jars, seal when cold.

## MARSHMALLOW CLOUD

Half pound sugar, ½ pint water (hot), 3 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon rose-water (obtainable from chemist), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch salt, pink coloring, coconut.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Simmer until mixture forms a thread when dropped from spoon; stir occasionally; cool. Add rosewater, lemon juice, salt. Beat until thick, color pink, pour into buttered tin; chill. Cut into squares, roll in coconut.



## ROSE LIQUEUR

Two cups red rose petals (highly scented), 1 pint brandy, vodka or white spirit, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups water, juice 1 lemon.

Cover rose petals with the brandy and allow to stand a few hours. Place sugar, water, and lemon juice in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, simmer over heat until syrup is very thick or a candy thermometer registers 230deg. F. Strain rose petals and add to the hot syrup, simmer over heat 15 minutes. Combine with the brandy then strain through 2 or 3 thicknesses of very fine muslin. Pour into bottles, cork them, store away from light.



## ROSE VINEGAR

Rose petals, white wine vinegar.

Pack as many rose petals as possible into glass jar, cover with white wine vinegar. Seal, and leave in cool, dark place 1 month. Then remove rose petals, and vinegar is ready to use. Serve with salads.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



# Prize for pork dish

● Readers from Tasmania, Victoria, Queensland, and Western Australia win cash prizes this week for recipes.

**T**HE £5 first prize is awarded for a recipe using pork spareribs and served with a delicious sweet-and-sour sauce. Consolation prizes of £1 each are won for recipes for a children's cordial, jiffy peanut biscuit cupcakes, and an after-dinner nibbler — sherried chocolate dates.

All spoon measurements are level.

## HAWAIIAN PORK AND PINEAPPLE

Two-and-a-half to 3lbs. pork spareribs (or lamb breasts), 2oz. oil or fat, 1 large onion (chopped), 2 sticks celery (chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup stock or water, 1 can pineapple chunks, 1 cup pineapple syrup (from can), 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt, pepper.

Grease baking-dish and bake meat about 1½ hours with the meatier side up. Melt fat or oil in saucepan, add onion, celery, green pepper, and sauté 5 minutes. Blend cornflour with a little of the stock or water, add remainder of stock and pineapple syrup. Add to saucepan, stir over heat until mixture is clear. Add vinegar, soy sauce, salt, pepper, and pineapple chunks. Mix well, bring to the boil. Pour excess fat off meat, pour over the sauce. Continue baking meat until tender. Serve hot with hot rice or noodles.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Shaw, 21 Lantana Rd., Risdon Vale, Tas.

## FRUIT SALAD CORDIAL

Two cups sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon tartaric acid, 1 teaspoon lemon essence, 1 teaspoon essence of banana, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 bottle undiluted concentrated orange cordial essence, pulp 6 or 8 passionfruit or 2 tablespoons preserved passionfruit.

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## Lemons For Beauty

To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These useful household hints, sent in by readers, each win £1/1/- prize.

**WHEN** cooking a corned leg of mutton, add a bunch of fresh mint. Later, after removing the fat, add this mint-flavored liquid to spinach while it is cooking. It gives the spinach a delicious flavor.—Mrs. Ivy Selinor, 101 Ida St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

To keep your stainless-steel sink gleaming as new, sprinkle a little cream of tartar on a damp cloth and rub briskly. Wash and dry well.—Mrs. M. Ferguson, 2 Geelong Rd., Ballarat, Vic.

Don't despair when you break a pretty piece of china. Save the broken pieces and make a plant-holder by covering a suitable tin with putty and working the pieces into it. When finished, let dry, then paint with clear lacquer.—Mrs. J. Finch, 12 Salamander St., Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

Paint the inside of children's sandals with clear nailpolish to prevent socks becoming discolored.—Mrs. A. Johnson, Ranelagh, Huon, Tas.

A good shampoo for dry or oily hair is a raw egg, beaten lightly. Wet the hair with warm (not hot) water, then massage the egg into it. Rinse well in cool water.—Miss Lesley Richards, 49 Bonney Ave., Clayfield, Brisbane.

Make button loops of shirring elastic, doubled. Cover in buttonhole-stitch with ordinary cotton for a neat finish. These loops make garments easier to button, especially for children.—J. A. Gibbs, 17 Bonny View St., Burwood E13, Vic.

Put sugar in basin or wide-topped jug, add boiling water. Stir until sugar dissolves; allow to cool. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Bottle and cork. To serve, pour a little into a tumbler, add cold water and ice or add 1 tablespoon vanilla ice-cream and milk in place of water, stir briskly to make a fruit milk shake.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. D'Arcy, Extens Rd., Kingslake Central, Vic.

## SHERRIED CHOCOLATE DATES

Rind 1 large orange, water, 20 large dates, 3 tablespoons sweet sherry, 4oz. dark chocolate, 1oz. solid white shortening.

Remove as much white pith as possible from orange rind. Cut rind into thin strips ¼ in. long. Cover with water, simmer 5 minutes; drain. Pit dates if necessary, stuff them with the softened orange rind, pressing dates firmly together

over rind. Then stand dates in sherry a few minutes. Chop chocolate and shortening, place in top of double saucepan. Stir over simmering water until melted. Allow chocolate mixture to cool slightly, drain dates and, using fork, dip stuffed dates into melted chocolate; place on waxed paper to cool and harden. Store in refrigerator.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kerr, 44 Alfred Rd., Claremont, W.A.

## PEANUTTIES

Four cups corn cereal breakfast flakes, ½ cup shelled peanuts, ½ cup coconut, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 dessertspoons plain flour, 2 eggs.

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Fill into paper patty-cases, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Cool before serving. Store in airtight container.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Hart, Box 196, Atherton, Nth. Qld.

## MADE WITH ROSES . . . continued

For the best results from rose recipes, remember:

- Choose flowers with rich perfume and good color. The color of the flowers you choose will be transferred to the jams or jellies you make.
- Best flavor is obtained from blossoms that are just opening. Full-blown roses have less fragrance and may taste slightly bitter.
- Gather roses early in the morning, while the dew is still upon them.
- Break petals from base and discard stem.
- Wash flowers gently but thoroughly. (If a poisonous spray has been used on the flowers, be sure to check the length of time that has to elapse before the poison is no longer dangerous.)
- Drain petals well before using in the recipes on previous page.

Continued from page 30

bet there won't be another girl in your class who can say that."

We were passing the far side of the dance floor, with its throbbing music and couples twined together. "Hah," I said. "Who'd ever believe it?"

"You might be surprised who'd believe it," he said. "Besides, the thing to do is, you believe it. Hang on to it until—what is it they tell you? Until the real thing comes along?" He looked down at me. "Why don't you take that thing off your head?" he said. "You look a lot prettier without it."

"Prettier?" I said. "I never look prettier."

He bought two bags of popcorn and handed one to me. "You will," he said. "For one thing, it runs in your family. On top of that, somebody will come along some day and tell you you're pretty. You'll believe it, and it will be true, and then you will really have it made. But not while you have that thing on your head."

He pulled off the green scarf and handed it to me, and we continued along the boardwalk, eating the popcorn.

After Pete and his brother had taken us home that night, Marilee wandered dreamily through the dim living-room of our house, with me trailing behind her. "Do you know, Bugs," she said thoughtfully, "I was noticing tonight—Pete isn't really very couth, is he?"

"Couth?" I said. "Oh, you know what I mean. I was looking at him, walking along with that bag of popcorn—"

"What's wrong with that?" I said. "Why, he is the first man, except father, who ever bought one single thing for me."

"Well, that's sweet, dear. And Pete's sweet. He's nice and amiable, he's like a friendly sheepshead. But he lacks that—that *je ne sais quoi*." If you listened, in the room you could hear the whirr of wings. Marilee shrugged. "I suppose I'm just maturing," she said. "Outgrowing old relationships."

"I think he's wonderful," I said. "And I think you are crazy."

"You're a child," she said. "And when you get as old as I am, you won't hold out for buttered popcorn, either. You'll want *flet mignon*, at least." With that, she put out the lamp and disappeared upstairs.

The next morning, as I was finishing breakfast, Geraldine Ryan arrived, breathlessly awaiting a recapitulation of the evening before.

"Well," I said slowly, "it was a different brother. It wasn't the one I mentioned. This one's going to Harvard in September."

Geraldine's eyes were enormous. "Harvard?" she said. "Bugs, you're making it up. How old was he?"

I buttered an English muffin. "Eighteen," I said. "And a wonderful dancer. He must be six feet tall, and—" The amazing thing was, all this came out quite easily. I was even beginning to forget that I had thought Jerry Whitehall would leap the balustrade into the sand if he met anyone he knew; in retrospect, the evening smoothed out and got a kind of glow.

Geraldine took a muffin from the basket and studied it. "Do you know what I think, Bugs?" she said. "I think you'll be just like Marilee when you're older." She

peered across the table at me. "You even look like her a little," she said. "Especially when you're sitting down."

"Oh, I don't," I said. "Well, a little," she said. "And I'll bet you're the first girl in the class to go out with a Harvard man. It's just the sort of thing Marilee would do."

"Somebody said that," I said.

"What?" she said. "Nothing," I said.

**G**ERALDINE leaned forward. "But what are you going to do?" she said. "He lives awfully far away, doesn't he?"

I nodded without looking at her. "Yes," I said. "And I don't see my mother's letting me go to house parties at Harvard, either, do you?" I was not at all sure they had house parties at Harvard; but I was secure in the knowledge that Geraldine wouldn't know.

She shook her head. "And you know, Bugs," she said, "my mother always says, 'Don't think the grass is always greener somewhere else.' I mean, you wouldn't want to ruin your entire social life over something like this. Supposing, for instance, that Johnny Bennett asked you to the freshman dance in September."

"Johnny Bennett?" I said. Johnny Bennett had taken a summer algebra class with us. He had red hair and caddied at the country club every weekend.

"I happen to know that he has a crush on you," Geraldine said. "And it's all right to dream, but—"

## FROM THE BIBLE

● "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name."

—Psalms 103:1.

Perhaps there is not a teenage girl in America today who has a phantom lover. Today teenagers are called young adults, and everybody cares what they think, from the President of the United States on down. Home permanents are better today, and nobody is ever four feet eleven inches, and everybody seems to know from the beginning that a rainbow is something you walk through.

Perhaps, in modern parlance, "lover" is the wrong word to use for what I had. But it was my dream, and I shall call it anything I please.

There were Johnny Bennett and Joe somebody and Harry and Greg and Christopher. And there was the dream. In the very beginning, when Pete Whitehall was still around, I collected a few anecdotes about Harvard, and I even got hold of a picture of Jerry; but after a while I didn't need that.

The home permanent grew out of my hair, and my dimensions changed and were never all the same again: I was sixteen and seventeen and eighteen years old. And still I hung on to the knowledge that over some rainbow there was somebody wonderful.

It was like having money in the bank. I passed idle evenings with it, and I sailed through dates. If I didn't have all the graces of Mari-

lee, at least I had something that was my own. I had it for just so long as I needed it—until the moment arrived for the real thing.

The moment arrived on an afternoon in October, while I was walking in the rain on the west side of Fifth Avenue. I was twenty-two by then, and Marilee was married to a rising young lawyer who was deep in politics. A politician was a wonderful man for Marilee to be married to. When he didn't have the time to watch her be charming, somebody else did.

She faced a whole blissful lifetime of luring constituents and getting her beautiful face in the newspapers.

I was stepping into puddles at every kerbstone; I had lost my umbrella, so my head was wrapped, like a cabbage, in a plastic scarf; the rain was driving so hard it was impossible to distinguish the person walking in front of you. Then I heard it.

"Bugs!" he called. "Bugs!" Five passers-by whirled and stared. "Bugs Elliott!"

He was the first one you would notice anywhere—even on the west side of Fifth Avenue in the pouring rain. And he was the one you would remember longest. He was striding through the puddles as if they were not there; he was head and shoulders above the crowd; and finally he was reaching out, grasping my arms, and pulling me to his side.

"Well, if it isn't little Bugs," he said. "I knew I couldn't be wrong."

Pete. I stared at him, and all at once there had not been those years between; there had hardly been any years at all. The rain was bouncing off his hat brim, running down in rivulets; but Pete never had paid any attention to the elements.

"What are you doing here?" he said.

"I—I work three blocks away," I said.

"You mean you're all grown up?" he said. He peered down. "You don't look all grown up."

"I'm five feet two," I said.

He shrugged. "I suppose it will have to do," he said. "And you're working? You mean you're not married and raising children yet?"

I shook my head. "And you?" I said.

"Well, I was kind of waiting for a girl like you to grow up some day," he said. "But if you didn't do it, I guess you didn't do it." He reached out and untied the plastic scarf. "And it seems to me I remember telling you a long time ago to take things like this off your head."

He removed the scarf, and the rain drove down. He hesitated, still holding it. "Oh, I guess that was the wrong thing to do," he said. "You'll get wet."

"No, I won't," I said. "Not very." Because who could think about rain, anyway? "I'll tell you what," he said. "Follow me, and I'll take you to some place nice and dry."

But for a moment neither of us moved. We just stood there, on Fifth Avenue, gazing at each other. Then he took my arm slowly and began to lead me toward a building on the corner.

Did I mention that he was the kind of man you would follow meekly all the days of your life if he just raised an eyebrow in your direction? Well, he was. And for all the days of mine that have followed, that is exactly what I have done.

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# HEDGES

Formal symmetry  
or natural beauty

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Hedges, especially formal ones, are nowadays not accepted as a necessary part of garden composition as in former years, but they are still popular and undoubtedly have many uses.

**A**MONG those who place a high value on privacy and a sense of security, they are much in favor. Thorny ones help keep out dogs and other unwelcome visitors.

Hedges can also be used effectively to screen off unsightly spots and to obscure unwanted views.

They give protection from wind and dust and bring restfulness to the garden. Hedges can be used very effectively in landscaping, especially in defining sections of the garden, such as separating the vegetable garden, and in providing backgrounds.

The formal hedge delights the eye with its symmetrical lines and has an undoubted place in garden design. But without careful and regular clipping it becomes unattractive, and many gardeners do not want to be involved in labor without end.

In informal hedges the individual plants are allowed to develop their own natural characteristics. Selection should be confined to those with a tidy and fairly dense habit of growth.

Careful preparation of the ground is most essential, as healthy vigorous

growth is required. Dig the ground over as deeply as possible, adding well-rotted animal manure or compost, together with a complete fertiliser.

Make sure that drainage is adequate. Planting distances vary according to the type of hedge required.

Plants used for formal hedges can, as a general rule, be spaced apart about one-quarter the width of the fully grown plant.

In informal hedges the distance is about one-third to three-quarters of the plant width.

Start clipping formal hedges early to ensure good bottom growth, and continue regularly, but not heavily, until the hedge has reached the required height. During the formative period, side growths should be shortened to encourage branching.

Never make the fairly common mistake of allowing the hedge to become broader at the top than the bottom, for this often causes the lower growth to become sparse.

Deciduous species must be planted out in winter during the dormant season, but evergreens can be planted almost any time if well watered.

The choice of the right species, as in all gardening work, is all-important.

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● Open hedges can be used for delicate screening or as a gracious substitute for the more blatant fence. Cypresses, as shown above in Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Holc's garden in Pymble, N.S.W., lend themselves to formal cutting or informal treatment.

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● Low-growing flowering shrubs make delightful little hedges, breaking unduly wide expanses. Free-flowering plants like lavender, which is in bloom most of the year, are especially useful. This picture taken at Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armitage's garden, "Koonawarra," Mount Wilson, N.S.W.

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Most of those given below are evergreens, but some deciduous ones are worth considering. The brilliant purple foliage of *Berberis thunbergii atropurpurea*, for example, can make a delightful hedge.

Formal hedges call for plants that have small leaves and are free-branching.

## FORMAL

Small or dwarf hedges, 1ft. to 4ft. high:

*Buxus sempervirens* (Box); *Lonicera nitida* (Honeysuckle); *Rosmarinus officinalis* (Rosemary); *Lavandula officinalis* (Lavender); *Euonymus ovatus aureus*; *Cotoneaster microphylla*.

Medium-sized hedges, 4ft. to 8ft. high:

*Ligustrum ovalifolium* (Privet — hardy and stands trimming, but the roots are aggressive; the golden variety is smaller and more attractive); *Photinia glabra rubens* (bright red young foliage); *Euonymus japonicus*; *Duranta plumbieri* (temperate and warm districts); *Raphiolepis indica* (Indian Hawthorn); *Murraya exotica*; *Tecomaria capensis* (temperate areas); *Coleonema pulchrum*; *Escallonia macrantha*; *Ulex europaeus* (Gorse—very prickly); *Grevillea rosmarinifolia* (one of the native Spider Flowers); *Olea species* (Common Olive); *Ochna atropurpurea*.

Tall hedges, 8ft. to 16ft. or more:

*Cupressus species* (Cypresses — several make excellent clipped hedges of varying heights, including *C. lambertiana* and its varieties *C. torulosa* and *C. arizonica*. Best suited for cool districts, behaviour in coastal area being uncertain).

*Laurocerasus officinalis* (English Laurel — cool, moist districts); *Photinia glabra robusta*; *Viburnum tinus* (Lauris tinus); *Olea species* (Common Olive).

## INFORMAL

Most species mentioned under formal hedges can also be grown informally, but in addition the following might be considered:

Small or dwarf hedges, 1ft. to 4ft. high:

*Hebe buxifolia* and *Hebe speciosa* (Blue Gem, formerly known as *Veronica*); *Conocaster microphylla* and the variety *thymifolia*; *Lantana montevidensis*; *Bauera rubioides* (shady, moist positions).

Medium hedges, 4ft. to 8ft. high:

*Abelia grandiflora* (4ft.) and *Calliandra tweedii* (6ft.; both in warm coastal areas); *Choisya ternata* (Mexican Orange Blossom, 4ft.; in temperate and sub-tropical areas); *Eriostemon myoporoides* (4ft.); *Pyracantha crenulata* (8ft.); *Cotoneaster salicifolia* (6ft.); *Rondeletia amoena* (8ft.); *Spiraea cantoniensis* (6ft.).

Camellias, hibiscuses, and oleanders should also be considered, although often coming into the taller-growing section.

Tall growing hedges, 8ft. to 16ft. or more:

*Crataegus species* (Hawthorns); *Cotoneaster pannosa* and *Cotoneaster serotina*; *Ceratopetalum gummiferum* (Christmas Bush); *Callistemon macro-punctatus* (Bottle Brush); *Cornus capitata* (Himalayan Strawberry Tree—cool districts); *Leptospermum petersonii* (Lemon-scented Tea-tree—for temperate and sub-tropical areas); *Ilex aquifolium* (English Holly — cool or mountainous country).

## COASTAL HEDGES

If you are planting close to the sea coast, the following hardy species can be recommended:

*Westringia rosmariniformis* (4ft., small leaves, white flowers tinged with lilac); *Coprosma repens* (8ft. to 10ft. — thick glossy foliage); *Euonymus japonicus* (8ft. to 10ft.); *Melaleuca armillaris* (12ft., white flowers); *Leptospermum laevigatum* (Tea-tree — 10ft., small leaves, white flowers); *Pittosporum crassifolium* (15ft., thick leaves, chocolate-colored flowers); *Metrosideros excelsa* (New Zealand Christmas Tree — 18ft.-20ft., crimson flowers).

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that whopping volcano a bit of a pop? It sounded like the end of the world!

"I saw you folks drive out of the quarry, and I see a roll of fuse on the back seat there. So do you know what I'm going to do with you and this bus of yours?" He gave a cackle of cruel laughter.

"In exchange for you having blown up my belongings I'm going to blow up yours and you with it. I'm going to light the end of that fuse and put the lighted end in the petrol tank of your fancy motor-car and up you'll all go.

"Get your guns ready, men, and if they try to escape, shoot them down."

The gangsters cackled with joy at the thought.

"Now then, you goliwog in the back seat, hand over that fuse or it'll be the worse for you," said Joe the Monster, and he pointed his revolver straight at Jeremy.

"I won't," said Jeremy stoutly. "And if I'm a goliwog you're the ugliest ape outside the zoo."

Joe the Monster grimaced with fury. "I'll teach you," he said, and took a big cosh out of his pocket and walked toward the car.

Jeremy had butterflies in his tummy at the sight, but out of the corner of his eye he saw Commander Pott's hand steal across to the little lever that worked the wing mechanism.

As Joe the Monster drew level with the car, Commander Pott pulled the lever sharply down and Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's big green mudguards swung sharply out into their wing-shape. The right-hand wing caught Joe the Monster slap in his tummy and sent him flying.

"Hang on," shouted Commander Pott. "And keep your heads down." And he rammed the accelerator down to the floorboards.

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang leaped forward with an angry roar from her twin exhausts and the other three gangsters just had time to throw themselves clear. Then the great green car flung itself into the air, cleared the top of the gangsters' car and roared off, flying toward the main road with bullets whistling past.

## Escape to Calais

When they had got to the main road to Calais Commander Pott eased Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang down on the smooth surface, and she went like the wind down the empty road with the big headlamps lighting the way to the distant glow of Calais and the omelets and chicken and ice-cream they were all looking forward to.

They drew up in front of a nice-looking hotel called the Splendide (which, as you've guessed, is French for "splendid") and Commander Pott ordered their rooms and a delicious dinner.

But . . . but . . . but.

Late that night, when they were all fast asleep, a long black car with Joe the Monster at the wheel and Man-Mountain Fink, and Soapy Sam, and Blood-Money Banks came creeping up in the darkness!

From the boot of the car they took out a telescopic ladder, a jemmy (this is a burglar's tool for opening windows and doors, like a very powerful tin-opener), and some rope. Soapy Sam crept softly up and through the window of the room where the twins were sleeping.

He whirled together the four corners of the sheet on which Jemima was lying, and with her bundled up inside it tied a knot out of the four corners so as to make her look like a bundle of washing.

Almost before she could awake he handed her out of the window to Man-Mountain Fink.

Jeremy was bundled up next, and their clothes and shoes hurled out of the window after them.

And the gangsters' big black car, with the children in it, drove off.

Fortunately Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang had smelt

Continued from page 23

## CHITTY-CHITTY-BANG-BANG

trouble. There was a tiny whirr of machinery and behind the mascot on the bonnet a small antenna, like a wireless aerial, rose softly and began to swivel until it was pointing after the gangsters' car, which was now hurtling up the main road toward Paris.

And all through the night, Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's radar eye was following every twist and turn of Joe the Monster.

As the gangsters' car drove along Jeremy heard snatches of conversation: "Just what we want for the Bon-Bon job . . . five thousand francs . . . keys of the safe in the till . . . when the old geyser goes for the change . . ."

Trying to make head or tail out of this, Jeremy, lulled by the speed and the rush of the wind, and knowing as children always do that their father and mother would soon rescue them, went fast asleep.

It was eight o'clock when the gangsters' car drew up outside a deserted warehouse in Paris owned by Joe the Monster. The bundled-up children were carried in, their clothes thrown after them, and they were locked in a bare, cell-like room.

Precisely at this moment the miniature radar on Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's bonnet held steady, as if she knew this was the end of their journey, and at the same time her klaxon began to go GA-GOOO-GA, GA-GOOO-GA!



Commander Pott and Mimsie were instantly awake and with, I'm sorry to say, a very powerful swear word (it was "Dash my wig and whiskers," if you want to know) Commander Pott leaped out of bed, pulled on some clothes, and dashed down to the garage.

Directly he tore open the garage doors there was silence. Then he caught sight of the little radar antenna. "What . . . ?" he began, when Mimsie came running from the hotel.

"The children," she cried. "Gone . . . kidnapped!"

She jumped into the car and they were off, slowly at first so Commander Pott could watch the movement of the little radar scanner; left down the main street, then right on to the huge main road which said "TO PARIS."

With the supercharger screaming like a banshee the great green car ate up the miles, the speedometer climbing until it hung at 100 miles an hour.

In the deserted warehouse where Jeremy and Jemima were imprisoned, Joe the Monster said to the children: "Now then, let's get down to brass tacks.

"If you do what you're told you'll come to no harm, and when it's over I'll send you both back to your precious dad and mum in Calais.

"All I'm telling you to do is to buy yourself a big box of chocolates. Not far from here is the most famous chocolate shop in the world.

"It's called Le Bon-Bon, which is French for sweet, and it's run by an old geyser called Monsieur Bon-Bon.

"Me and my pals are going to drive you round

there and give you a pocketful of money, and all you've got to do is ask for a box of chocolates costing 4000 francs—that's about £3 in the old francs, so you can see it's a fine box of chocolates."

Joe the Monster took out a 5000-franc note and handed it to Jeremy.

"I'll even let you keep the change," he said. "Just ask for a box of chocolates for 4000 francs. The old geyser don't understand much English, but he'll understand that."

And he walked out, locking the door.

When he had gone the children whispered their thoughts and fears.

From the snatches of the gangsters' conversation Jeremy had overheard in the car, they guessed they were going to be used to rob Monsieur Bon-Bon.

Jeremy had been given a 5000-franc note to buy a 4000-franc box of chocolates and Monsieur Bon-Bon would have to go to the till to change it. ("Keys of the safe in the till," Jeremy had heard the gangster say.)

As soon as Monsieur Bon-Bon opened the till, the gangsters would dash in and knock him on the head and seize the keys of the safe.

"We've got to warn him," said Jeremy. "But we don't know half a dozen words of French between us. Could we write him some sort of note and give it to him when we give him the money?"

"We haven't any pencil, or even paper," said Jemima.

"We've got paper," said Jeremy, and produced the 5000-franc note.

"But I've nothing in my pockets except a handkerchief and my pocket-knife . . . by golly, we can use the sharp tip to punch holes in the bank-note to spell out the word Gangster."

With Jemima standing in front of the door in case anyone looked through the keyhole, he set to work.

They both examined his handiwork and agreed that anyone who handled the note would feel the holes and look at it suspiciously in case it was badly damaged.

Jeremy had only just stowed the note and knife away when Joe the Monster came in, followed by Man-Mountain Fink. "Come on, duckies, time to go," he said jovially.

## Monsieur Bon-Bon

They piled into the gangsters' black tourer and roared off through the streets, until they passed a gleaming shop window with the huge words "Bon-Bon" above it inscribed in gold.

They stopped down the next side-street, and Joe the Monster hustled them out on to the pavement.

"Do exactly what I told you and you'll come to no trouble," he said. "If not . . ." and he lifted a big hairy fist.

A charming little old man in an old-fashioned suit with an apron round his fat tummy and a long white beard and whiskers, almost like Father Christmas, beamed down at the children.

"Qu'est-ce que vous desirez?" he said, and they guessed he was saying: "What do you desire?"

Jeremy stammered out: "A box of chocolates please for 4000 francs."

"Aie!" exclaimed Monsieur Bon-Bon. "Quatre mille francs—zat es a very beeg box of chocolates," and he moved over to the counter and picked out a beautiful box tied with huge colored ribbons.

"You like zees one? She is mixed-up chocolates."

Jeremy and Jemima stifled a desire to giggle at his funny English in spite of the danger.

"Yes please," said Jeremy, and he saw the sly

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## CHITTY-CHITTY- BANG-BANG

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face of Soapy Sam the gangster gazing in through the window.

Jeremy handed Monsieur Bon-Bon the 5000-franc note.

Monsieur Bon-Bon took the note, and as the children had expected, he opened it up and felt the holes in it. He looked at them suspiciously and lifted the note up to the light and softly spelled out the letters one by one. "Gangsters," whispered Jeremy urgently.

Monsieur Bon-Bon was suddenly transformed from an old Father Christmas into a man of action.

He ran to the door, bolted and barred it, and pressed down a big lever, sending the steel shutters of the shop rattling down outside.

Then Monsieur Bon-Bon darted back behind the counter, picked up the telephone, and shouted a lot of French down it, amongst which Jeremy and Jemima heard the word "Police."

Then he put the receiver back, and said: "And now, mes enfants, tell me what zees is all about?"

But as Jeremy began to stammer out his story, from outside in the street came the familiar warning blare of Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang's tremendous klaxon!

"GA-GOO-GA, GA-GOO-GA, GA-GOO-GA!" it went, and then there was a splintering crash of glass and metal and the sound of shouts.

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang had broken all records in her dash from Calais to Paris, finishing with a hair-raising race through the crowded streets. As they passed the big sweet shop with "Bon-Bon" on it, a low black car dashed out of a side street.

Commander Pott just had time to recognise it as the gangster car when Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang wrenched the wheel out of his hands and tore straight at the black tourer.

### Family reunion

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang hit it right in the middle with a tremendous crash, spilling Joe the Monster, Soapy Sam, and Man-Mountain Fink on to the road—just as French motor-cycle patrols with sirens screaming tore down upon them.

And then, with the three gangsters lined up and covered with the policemen's revolvers, the door of the sweet shop opened and Monsieur Bon-Bon, Jeremy, and Jemima came out.

Well, you can imagine the scenes of excitement that followed as the twins were reunited with their parents, and everything was explained in a mixture of English and French, and compliments showered on Jeremy and Jemima.

And Monsieur Bon-Bon insisted the whole Pott family should return to his house for an enormous lunch . . . interrupted by the French police, who announced that the Pott family, for catching the gangsters, would be rewarded with £800.

Next morning Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang, although still wearing a slightly battered look, was in splendid order and came booming round to the Bon-Bon shop, where Monsieur Bon-Bon piled box after box of wonderful sweets and chocolates into the twins' arms.

And then Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang went motor-ing off down the road to Calais.

When they got out on the open road, Commander Pott said: "Well, I think that's quite enough adventure for the time being. It's high time we went home to peace and quiet."

THE END

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## Family Affairs

# Make-believe family

● *Our once quiet household, which for two years has consisted of three people — a mother, a father, and one small daughter — is now overrun with teeming thousands of invisible creatures. Mandy, our two-year-old pride and joy, has developed an IMAGINATION.*

AT first we were reasonably complacent. Only children—we were assured by the best child psychology books—often invent an imaginary playmate to take the place of a real brother or sister, so when two imaginary boys, Steven and David, moved in with us we made no objections.

Of course, it was a trifle inconvenient not to be able to sit where we wished—"Not that chair, Mummy, Steven's there"—or to close the doors—"David's still outside."

And mealtimes took quite considerably longer with two extra mouths to feed.

However, after washing, undressing, and bedding down our "three" children, each evening we'd console ourselves as we sat in the living-room desperately drinking coffee in an effort to regain normality, saying, "It's only a phase, she'll soon forget all about it."

I really thought it was rather cute that Mandy could amuse herself for ages with her imaginary friends. Even my husband, Robert, who tends to have a very realistic mind, was amused.

Finally, as our patience began to wear thin—after all, we had been housing these "spirits" for months—we hit on a bright idea.

Leaving for our holidays we managed—after some pretty slick talking—to convince Mandy that there would be no room in the car for Steven and David, and after fond farewells we sent them home to their imaginary families.

If only we had foreseen what lay in store for us we would have gladly taken the boys—on the roof-rack if necessary.

For the first day on the beach Mandy "found" another family, this time about 20 children in all.

They seemed to be a mixture of sexes, although we never did sort out all their names, and to further complicate matters they were all midgets.

They lived under our feet for days and were carried everywhere in the top of Mandy's swimming costume.

### READERS' STORIES

(The writers of these stories have supplied their names and addresses, but wish to be anonymous.)

What a silly lot we looked holding open the gate and door while they trooped in for meals.

At last my husband, Robert, could stand it no longer.

One lunchtime, as all the crowd appeared for their meal, he slammed the door closed on the imaginary Lilliputians, ushered out the ones Mandy assured us were already inside, and said loudly and sternly, "I can't afford to feed you all any more. Your mothers and fathers are worried about you. Go home."

They left without a fuss, and we congratulated ourselves on having evicted them from our lives without actually having denied their existence. After all, we didn't want to stifle her creative instinct.

Well, we'd certainly preserved Mandy's illusions. Far from destroying her active imagination, we'd merely succeeded in changing its direction a little.

Obviously, her little two-year-old mind figured that if imaginary children weren't welcome in our home, then surely we'd greet with open arms some dear little (and need I say it) imaginary animal friends.

Now I can tolerate the little grey kitten who comes driving with us, even when he hides in the glove-box; I'm on quite friendly terms with the dog who now guards the sand-box; and the pink mouse in the doll's house and the fluffy rabbit on the bookcase are good pals of mine.

BUT, would anyone care to take off my hands an orange frog who seems to have taken up residence under one of the dining-room chairs?

## Old pictures . . . new joy

● *My family often says to me: "Mum, why don't you put those old photographs away; they're so old-fashioned, and they clutter the place up," but nothing would ever make me part with them.*

AS I sit in my little room busily sewing, my eyes wander to these photographs, and I smile happily as they bring back so many memories.

First, there on the mantel in front of me is my gay, young husband. How handsome he looks in the uniform of an Army sergeant, and the camera has caught the merry twinkle in his eye.

That same twinkle was there so many years ago when he'd gleefully dab shaving lather on my nose if ever I went into the bathroom when he was shaving—and how could I keep out of the bathroom for long in the morning with four small children to supervise and get ready for school?

How annoyed I would pretend to be while secretly loving it and him!

And how gay and full of confidence he'd been when he went off to war. "I'll be back," he said, but after the fall of Singapore, his imprisonment, and finally

Borneo, he had not come back.

Over the years there have been long, lonely nights, and long hours to remember. And there's been the patronage of my children (however loving).

These children are grown now with families of their own. And didn't one of the teenage granddaughters say to her mother recently: "Why do you call your mother 'Nana'? She is not your grandmother." Out of the mouths of babes!

For a while I sew away, lost in dreams and reminiscences, and then my eyes will wander to the other end of the mantel and to the photo of my eldest son.

How proud and happy I was when I held him in my arms . . . our first-born son. And there he is. Tall and handsome and so much like his father.

His picture is also in uniform, but this time naval uniform. Yes, he, too, went away to war, to Korea—but, praise God, he came back.

He came back to the girl of his choice and settled in another State, and now all I hear of him is a card at Christmas with just the names under the printed verse.

There's never a loving thought or message with the card and that hurts, but I keep hoping that one day he'll remember . . .

And over there in the corner is our first daughter, lovely in her bridal array.

What a handful that one was as a child! Headstrong and wilful, but always loving and generous to a fault. And she's still like that, too.

She's such a comfort to me now, but why is she always in such a hurry? She never has time to sit for a while and talk, because she's always racing off somewhere. Doesn't she know there'll soon be no more time?

There on the piano is our second daughter—that laughing, loving girl.

But what has life done to her to turn her into the hard, bossy woman she is today?

"Nana, you should do this"; "Nana, you should not do that"; "Nana, you should be thankful." I seem to hear nothing else from her but statements such as this.

I pray that time and life will mellow her and bring back the love and under-

standing and some of the affection she once had.

And over there, on the small table, is the picture of my youngest son. He was the delicate one as a child, but just look at him now.

Standing tall and proud beside his lovely bride, it's clear he's the kind one. The understanding one.

He, too, is always in a hurry. He has four small children, a responsible job, and a home to look after, but he always finds time to come cheerfully and do the little jobs I cannot manage now.

And so I suppose I really have plenty to be thankful for. After all, two out of four loving and thoughtful isn't a bad average, I suppose.

Over there on the walls are my grandchildren—ten happy, healthy little faces smiling down at me from their picture frames.

How proud my husband would have been of them.

Do I hear an echo of hearty laughter? Was that a soft touch on my cheek? Do I smell shaving lather?

Ah me, I must have dozed off, for the sewing has slipped from my fingers.

Put my family photographs away? My goodness, no. This room and my life would be barren indeed without them.





● Cut-glass goblet.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

**I** HAVE a cut-glass goblet, which I believe to be about 200 years old. It belonged to a member of my family in England and is one of my most treasured possessions. Could you please tell me something about it?

Mrs. Winifred A. Barrett, Warriewood, N.S.W.

This superbly cut-glass goblet of German origin serves to illustrate the zenith which was attained by the best of the 19th century glass artisans about 1845 to 1855.



● Rare pottery jug.

**COULD** you please tell me about two jugs I own? One (above) is black, chased with relief figures. Under the neck at the bottom is imprinted "Eastwood." The other vase, not illustrated, is porcelain and has a bamboo handle.

Mr. Owen Martin, Avondale Heights, Vic.

The jug pictured here is an early 19th century rare English Eastwood pottery jug. A pottery business was established at Eastwood, Hanley, Staffordshire, in 1720. The factory was worked from about 1750 by William Baddeley, who specialised in cane and brown colored wares. Toward the close of the 18th century and at the beginning of the 19th century Baddeley manufactured many pieces in imitation of Wedgwood ware—especially the Basalts—hence the use of neo-classical subjects in relief which may be cited in your jug. It is thought that the factory mark "Eastwood" impressed was used to distinguish the productions from those of Baddeley's of Shelton.

Your other jug is English Staffordshire, of the Victorian era.

**WE** have a hand-carved oak grandfather clock made by Joseph Batty, clockmaker. We would like to know its approximate date and the history of the clockmaker.

Mrs. L. Holloway, Para Hills, S.A.

The fact that your grandfather clock bears Joseph Batty, London, indicates that the clock was marketed in London. It probably dates about 1770 to 1780. It is most unusual for an oak case to be carved, especially during the 18th century, when simplicity of design was the order of the day. I wonder if your clockcase has been altered or carved during the latter Victorian period. It is not unusual to encounter old oak grandfather clocks which have been redecorated in Victorian era.

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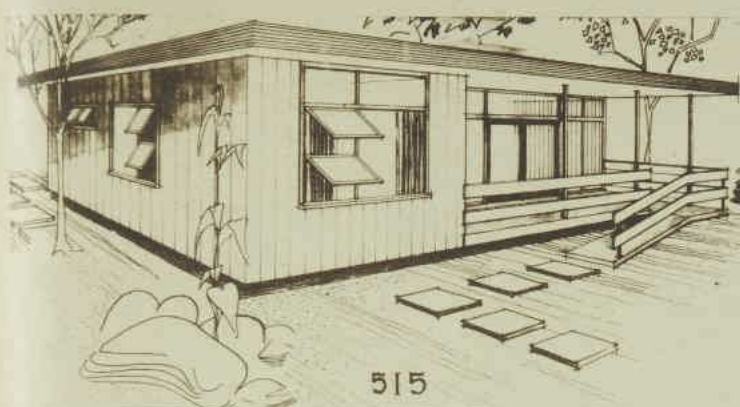
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# Home Plans Service



PERSPECTIVE shows the flat-roofed design of Plan No. 515.

In particular, this home plan would be an excellent design for sub-tropical areas, with the living-room opening to the out-of-doors on both sides, allowing full advantage to be taken of any breeze.

A good feature of the design is that the bedroom wing is compact and well separated from the living-room.

The carport is situated under the main roof and is so arranged to give covered access through the main entry and the living-room and also to the rear door.

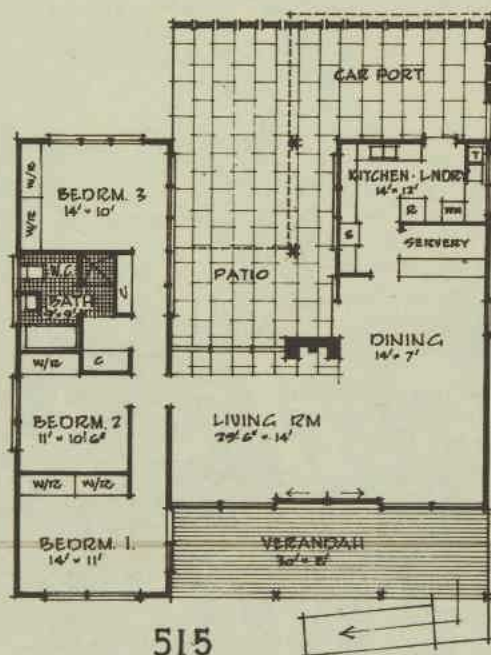
The kitchen and laundry are adjacent; where local building regulations do not permit a combined kitchen-laundry, a partition and sliding door could separate them.

Should the owners wish, the open fire ash pit shown could be replaced by an oil heater. The best location for this would be on the side wall rear in the dining-room.

At a rough estimate, an open fire is more costly, because this would work out at about £250, whereas a console oil heater could be installed for about £120.

The perspective shows roofing of a metal-tray type, which is almost flat and which should be provided with at least 2in. insulation.

- Home Plan No. 515 is a flat-roofed house with generous provision for outdoor patio and verandah areas.



FLOOR PLAN shows spacious outdoor living areas on both sides of the house.

## Our Home Plans Service

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# AT HOME

## with Margaret Sydney

- Back to the subject of traffic — and what more topical subject could you have when the holiday roads are crammed with cars full of kids, cars with surfboards on the roofs, cars towing trailers and boats and caravans.

I'VE had a letter from a reader in Victoria who raises some very interesting points. He writes:

"I am a male driver who averages about 350 miles between each issue of the Women's Weekly.

"My wife, with a smug look, has just shown me your remarks on women drivers. Being unable to think up any little accusations on the spur of the moment, I was prompted to examine the statistics on which you based your article more closely.

"I suggest that they are misleading inasmuch as accidents per mile in a given group would surely be a better basis for comparison. A complicating factor would also be the hours spent at the wheel for the given miles, as would the type of vehicle.

"Without really knowing, I would be prepared to gamble that if the number of accidents per mile per driver were compared, ignoring the other factors, the rates for the two sexes would not be very different, and that the so called safest group of males might not be the safest after all.

"Furthermore, shuttling the children to school might not prove to be such a safe occupation. This appears to be a case for the re-examination of your vital statistics."

### It's a problem to figure which figure is right

UP to a point, I think this reader might be absolutely right. I'm convinced that you can prove anything, absolutely anything, with figures, if you're careful to select the right ones and ignore the others.

And I've always been fond of Mark Twain's story that the great Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of England in Victoria's reign, was fond of saying that "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics."

But may I (at the risk of being accused of using "statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts: for support rather than for illumination") mention that some recent traffic department figures proved, or claimed to prove, that the greater proportion of accidents happened within two miles of the driver's setting-out point.

If you believe this, then it demolishes the argument that those who drive big weekly mileages are in the nature of things more likely to have more accidents.

No, wait a minute. It doesn't necessarily demolish the argument at all.

Some people who run up big mileages every week do it by making longish journeys; others do it by making dozens of short ones.

So if the two-miles-from-home figures are right, those who make lots of little journeys (mums shuttling the children to school?) should have more accidents per driver per mile than those who run up big mileages on long journeys.

But, on the other hand, surely somebody can produce some statistics to show that accidents are more frequent where the driver is physically tired.

And the driver is usually physically more tired when he's 200 miles from his starting point than when he's two miles out.

I dunno. I'm beginning to think I won't put my faith in any road accident figures which don't tell me the driver's age, sex, blood-alcohol level, number of passengers in car, number of pet dogs, cleanliness or otherwise of windscreen glass and spectacle lenses, age of vehicle, state of tyres and brakes, destination, time elapsed since setting out, road surface, age of car, time of day, state of digestion, state of bank balance (i.e., was he or she worrying about mortgage on house, time payment on TV set, or the price of eggs), marital state of temporary peace or war, state of nail enamel.

I will name no names, but there's a licensed driver in this household (and it isn't me) who inevitably leaves late because no manufacturer has yet been thoughtful enough to invent an instant-drying lacquer and because the character in question has never been known to start on her nails more than three minutes before she's due to leave the house.

Let somebody should hop in here and try to use this as a proof that women's vanity and unpunctuality make them dangerous on the road, let me tell you about the man I met on a blind curve one morning recently.

Half the road was up, so that cars going in different directions needed to proceed with some caution. He was driving a large and very wide imported sedan. I met him in the middle of the curve, and he was calmly shaving, at 35 m.p.h., with an electric razor plugged into the dashboard. He was all right — I put my nearside wheels into the gutter for him, and he sailed past without missing a whisker.

### No lack of variety in "old wives' tales" . . .

WHEN I was a small child there were some very persuasive figures circulating that "proved" that fruit stewed in aluminium pots caused stomach cancer. For ages every kitchen had at least one enamel pot for fruit.

A Scottish doctor, speaking to the British Medical Society recently, reported that over the past 50 years figures have been produced to prove that lung cancer is caused by being gassed in World War I, eating fish, exposure to wind and sun, not eating fish, smoking cigarettes, and the hairiness of the second phalanx of the fingers and toes!

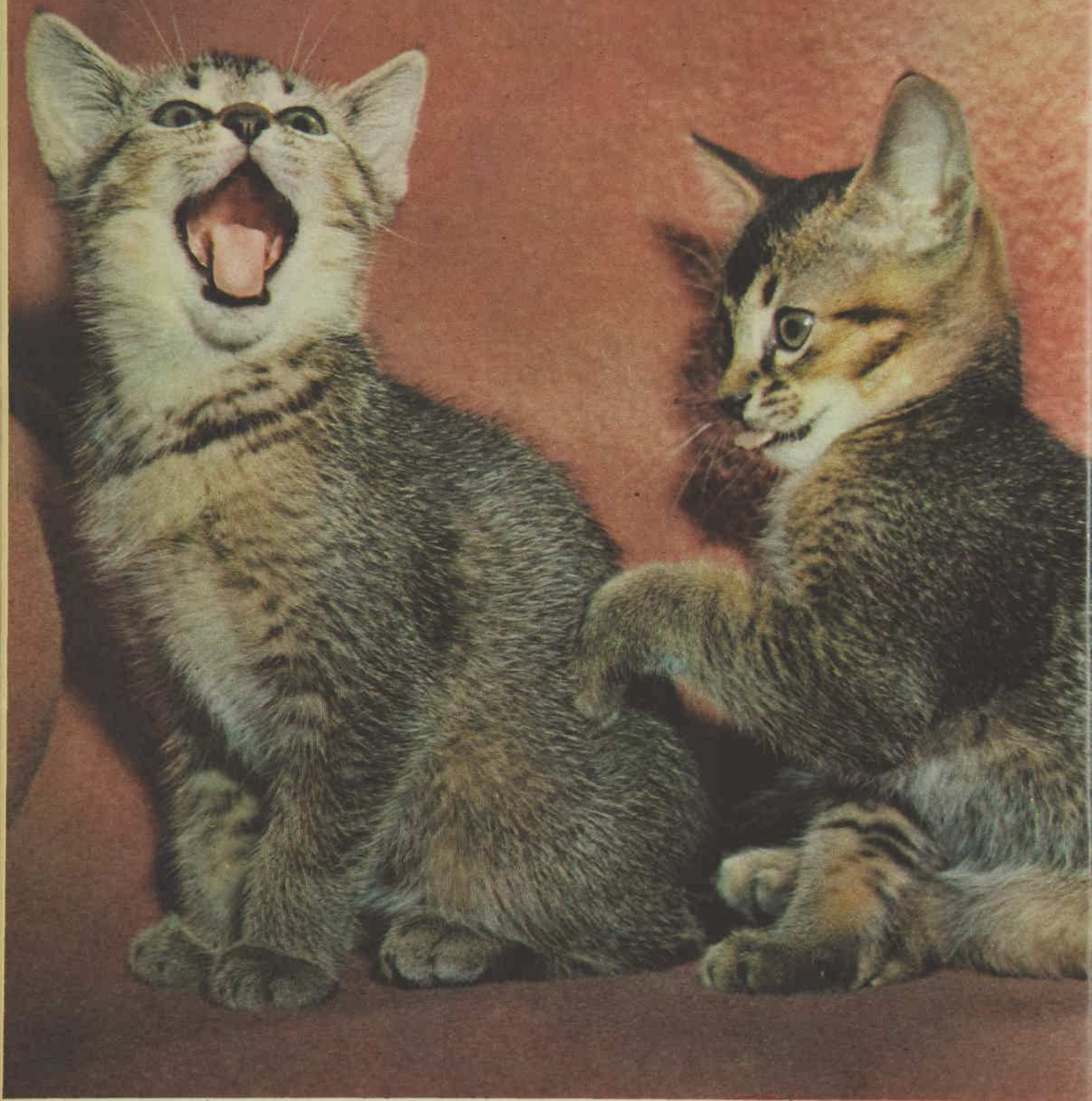
Another bit of statistical evidence that I found very useful in my childhood was the one then current among quite old people that green coloring matter was poisonous.

This arose from a belief that there was some quantity of arsenic in green coloring matter for food. My grandmother believed it firmly. She had a prodigious number of grandchildren and a never-empty jar of boiled sweets for them.

Every time the grocer delivered a pound of boiled sweets to replenish the jar she would spread the whole lot out on a meat dish, carefully pick out all the green ones, put them back in the paper-bag, and deposit them out in the rubbish-bin.

They never stayed there more than three and a half minutes. And Alison and I are still around to tell the tale.

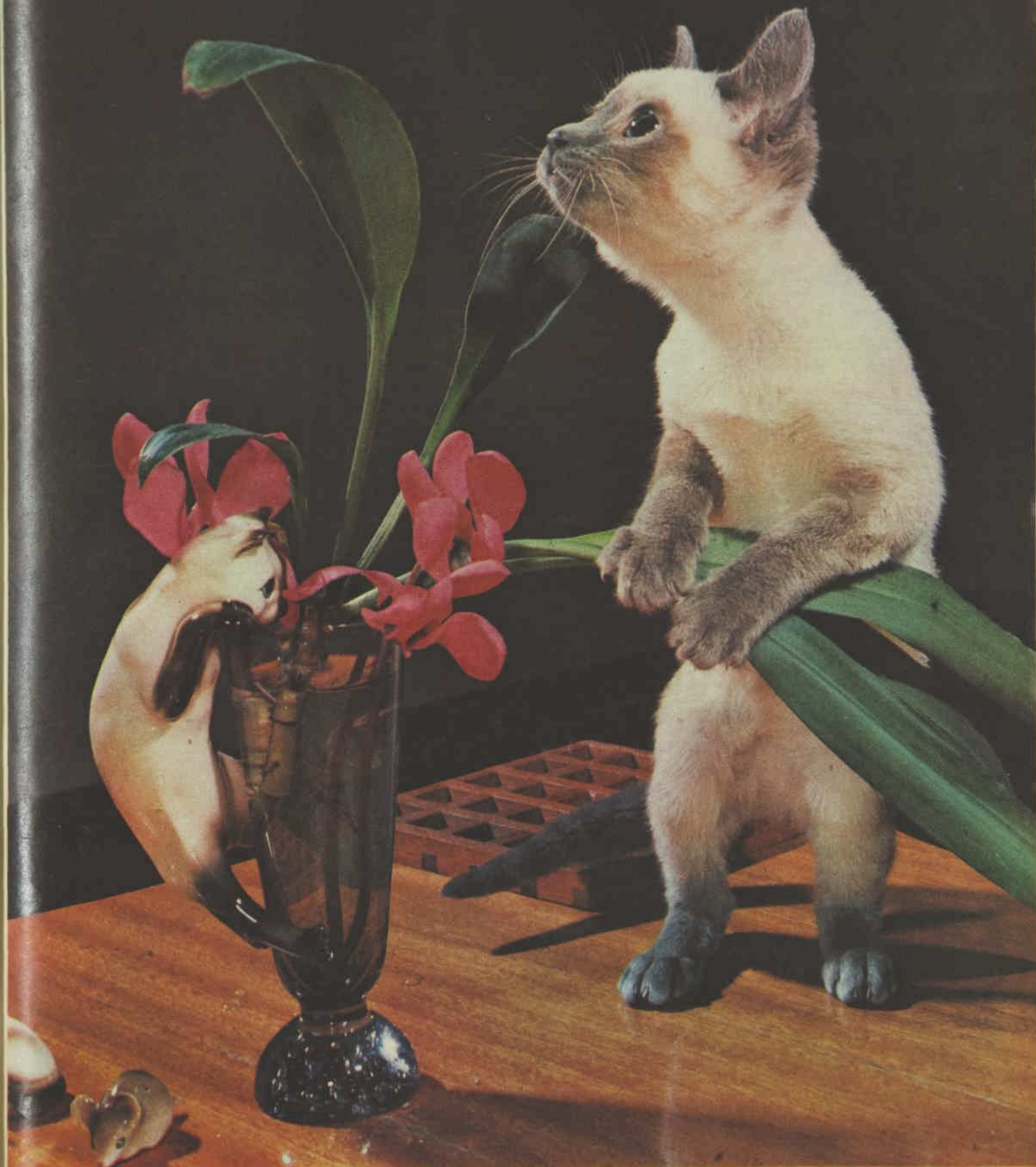




ENCHANTING Abyssinian Kittens Simba and Sabu now belong to Miss Angela Ross, of Kogarah, N.S.W., and have completely taken over her home. They were seven weeks old when photographed at the home of Mrs. W. Stackpool, of Pymble, N.S.W., who bred them and could not sell them separately because "they loved each other too much." Mrs. Stackpool now keeps only her own "family" and does not breed cats. (Picture by Ron Berg, staff.)

## CAT STUDIES FOR





# YOU TO FRAME

*TWINKS, a blue-point Siamese aristocrat, was ten weeks old when photographed investigating a replica on a brandy goblet. Now nine months old, she is a likely champion, say her owners, Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas, of Elmwood, Vic. Already she has won many prizes, including a third in the Kitten Section of the Royal Melbourne Show. Mrs. Douglas says she was named Twinks because "she has a twinkle in her pretty eyes."*  
*(Picture by Mr. F. Park, of Beaumaris, Vic.)*



## THE BOYFRIEND



"You've been watching too many TV Westerns!"

## Mrs. H. WIFE



## Vital Statistics 36-24-36



### SLIM AND TRIM —thanks to FORD PILLS

and the Ford Pills Diet Chart

A grateful lady writes—  
My weight came down 22 lbs. I have been taking Ford Pills and I follow the Diet Chart for overweight. The Ford way is the safe way, and I thank you.  
Y.R. of Bondi, N.S.W.

Other happy ladies state—  
I've now lost fourteen pounds. Ford Pills are wonderful.  
M.J. of Kurnell, N.S.W.

I was too overweight but now have lost three stone.  
L.M. of Inman, S.A.

I take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart for slimming and I praise them to my friends.  
P.K. of Wairoonga, N.S.W.

I took off seven pounds in one week.  
J.Y.K. of St. Peters, Sydney.

I'm back to normal and so much better in health. I can really highly recommend Ford Pills.  
C.E., Clayton, Vic.

### START FORD PILLS SLIMMING PLAN TO-DAY!

Ford Pills will quickly help you regain the vigour and vital statistics of youth as your unwanted pounds and unlovely inches are banished. Ford Pills are dependable, absolutely safe and not habit forming, as they contain natural extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way. Ford Pills are tried and approved as a gentle, painless, thoroughly reliable laxative, ideal for all your family.

Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/6 and 3/9 EVERYWHERE.



# FORD PILLS

Continued from page 21

Nearly every night during the summer, beginning just after sunset, an easterly breeze flowed down his street, channelled between the hills like a river. Charley moved with it now, along the curving street toward home, perhaps ten feet above the street lamps moving past him on either side of the road. Down here between the bases of the hills, the breeze narrowed and quickened, and now he moved swiftly, the trapped current carrying him silently along the wide street, precisely over the white-painted centre line, following its curves and windings exactly.

Slipping through the night just over the roofs of the familiar houses, he glanced from one side to the other as he passed. He knew or at least spoke to the people in most of these houses. But now the houses were dark, the cars parked before them dead and silent, their windows blind with dew, and Charley thought of his own empty house and felt suddenly depressed.

A cat darted across the street through a circle of light from a street lamp; it stopped suddenly, crouching motionless in the gutter to stare up at him over a shoulder as he swung past.

Just ahead, the road curved, and now the breeze curved with it, and Charley swung around the bend, nearing his house. His dangling legs swinging from the turn, Charley rounded the curve, and a movement ahead caught his eye. Then he saw the big Dalmatian dog trotting briskly beside the kerb and just entering a circle of lamplight.

This side of the circle, he caught the slower movement of a woman in a tan polo coat. He knew who she was. Once or twice, driving home late at night, he had seen her walking this dog; she was a Mrs. Lanidas, who lived a dozen houses down the street from his.

There was nothing he could do; there was no time to spill ballast. His feet and half his body were below the level of the glass-shaded street lamp now, and his shadow flashed across the circle of light on the lonely asphalt road as Mrs. Lanidas walked into it. She stopped, her chin lifting quickly, and for the space of a heartbeat, she and Charley, looking back over his shoulder, stared into each other's eyes; then Charley swung on around a final bend.

Just before his driveway, the balloon sinking fast, his stockinged feet touched the road, and he ran, tugging at the tennis nets to bring down the collapsing balloon.

Still running, he swung into his driveway, dragging the balloon through the air on the very last of its buoyancy. Then it melted on to the concrete before the garage door in a rustling mass of striped cloth. Stooping quickly, his hand on the door handle, Charley paused for an instant listening. In the almost complete silence of the late-at-night street, he heard the slight grate of leather on pebbles; the steps were hurrying, he thought, and he heaved the garage door up.

Tugging, yanking, he dragged the balloon in alongside the car, then grabbed for the garage door. But even as it slid down again, the footsteps stopped, and he knew the woman was standing in the street at the end

of his driveway, staring at the door as it closed.

But nothing could have kept him from going up again. He got through the next day at the office. At home, even before he changed clothes, he was prowling through the garage, the attic of the tract house. There he found the little kerosene brazier he'd once bought for a camping trip he'd never taken.

After eating a can of salmon and half a jar of black olives, he made a bracket of wire for the brazier, bending its ends into hooks. That finished, Charley sat on the davenport, now wearing his dark ski suit and socks, waiting for full dark.

It was past ten when he had the balloon strung up on its rope over the brick barbecue and stood tending the coals. Occasionally, he glanced up at the balloon, watching its sides unwrinkle, puff out, and gradually swell into roundness. Then he heard some light sound, a sigh or little movement.

EYES squinting, he searched the blackness, then found the faint blur of a face a dozen yards out in the night; but even before he found it he knew who it would be. And when she knew he'd found her, Mrs. Lanidas walked slowly toward him, and Charley saw a movement at her feet and realised that her dog was with her and had sat silently watching him, too.

In her tan polo coat, Mrs. Lanidas walked into the little circle of firelight, and for a moment they stood staring at each other. "I've got to go up, too," she said then, quietly, but quickly and desperately. "I want to come with you. Please, I've got to. I've simply got to. You must take me. You must, you must. Please!"

She continued, the words spilling out, and all the reasons for refusing came rising up in Charley's mind. But he didn't speak any of them; he knew the truth when he heard it. For whatever reasons—and what they were didn't matter—she, too, had to do what he'd known he must do the day he lay out here staring up at the hawk in the sky.

And because Charley understood that feeling of absolute necessity, he couldn't refuse it and didn't bother going through the motions of protest. Reluctantly but accepting it, he nodded and

said, "All right," then gestured at the dog. "What about him?"

"I'll tie him up here. He'll sit quietly." She spoke anxiously, afraid he'd change his mind. "I'm out with him every night, sometimes till one, two, even three o'clock. No one at my house ever waits up or even notices I'm gone. They'll never know."

"It's dangerous," Charley glanced up at the balloon, but he spoke perfunctorily, and she simply nodded to acknowledge that she'd heard and accepted the warning.

The balloon was puffed tight now and tugging hard. Charley turned off the blower switch, then threw a bucket of water on to the coals, and the cloud of smoke turned milk-white in the moonlight. He hooked the wire bracket holding the kerosene burner into the netting, and the brazier hung under the open neck of the balloon, several feet below it.

Charley lit it, then thrust the stovepipe up into the balloon neck and let it slide down over the brazier, and now the heat from the intense blue flame poured up into the balloon.

Mrs. Lanidas had tied her dog's leash to the barbecue, and he lay on the patio watching them, head cocked. Charley gestured politely at the swinglike seat hanging just over the flagstones. Mrs. Lanidas nodded, took off her coat, and Charley saw that she was not, as he'd thought, wearing black stockings; Mrs. Lanidas had on a skintight black leotard.

She sat down on the bar, holding the support rope, legs straight out over the pavement, ankles gracefully crossed. Charley sat beside her, glanced at her, and she nodded. He pulled at the rope, and they rose instantly into the moonlight.

They rose swiftly, the houses, street, and hills contracting beneath them, and when he looked at Mrs. Lanidas the fear was gone from her eyes. They were half closed in pleasure now, the breeze rippling her hair, and she smiled at Charley in delight, and he grinned back. Tonight the balloon didn't drift; somewhere above hilltop level, a high-up breeze took them, carrying them south, the balloon slowly revolving.

As it turned, Charley

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## AN OLD TUNE

watched Mrs. Lanidas' face. She caught sight of the bay, a vast blackness striped by a great swathe of shimmering moonlight; and of the jewel-bright orange dots of the bridge lights; and of the clustered white towers of the lighted city rising in glittering splendor beyond the black water, and she gasped in pleasure and said, "Oh, heavens!"

Charley laughed aloud, his pleasure reinforced by hers. The balloon completed its revolution, and their backs to the bay now they moved over the land, watching it slide out from under their feet.

Marin County, California, is low, softly rounded hills and the little valleys winding between them; and it is flatland, seashore and bay shore. It is towns with apartment buildings and not enough parking space, and it is still-untouched areas where foxes and deer live. It is rows of squeezed-together tract houses, a commuting area; and there are ranches where real cowboys round up cattle.

It has a mountain twenty-five hundred feet high, a forest of giant redwood trees; and there are miles of coastline, on which ocean waves break. Soundlessly, effortlessly, they moved over this patchwork, and Charley kept his bearings by the tiny moving lights on the highway that wound through the hills below.

Sometimes he spilled sand from the paper ballast sacks strung in the netting beside him; sometimes he released hot air from a vent in the top of the balloon, or raised or lowered the flame in his burner. He had the feel of ballooning now; moving steadily along through the sky and the night, he had never, not even as a child, felt so free.

Off to the right lay the floodlit, buff-color walls of San Quentin prison, looking from here like a miniature castle. Behind it, the lights of San Rafael lay scattered and sparkling on its hills. Below them, just now, lay moon-washed darkness, an area unlit upon it. It was glorious, moving along above it; a thrill glowed in Charley's breast.

At the same time, it was an utter contentment, and glancing at Mrs. Lanidas beside him—who turned to smile—he knew she felt the same way. The air was soft and warm and pressed gently against their faces.

He glanced over his

To page 42

## Needlework Notions

### No. 204. — GIRL'S FROCK

Girl's frock is available cut out to make in blue, navy, red, and green white-checked cotton. Sizes 4 and 6 years £1/3/-; 8 and 10 years £1/7/6. Postage and dispatch 1/6 extra.

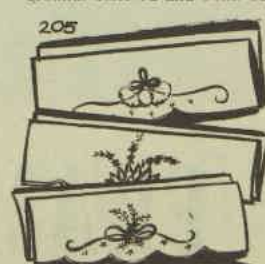
### No. 205. — SET OF GUEST TOWELS

Pretty set of three guest towels is available cut out to embroider on pink, lemon, blue, and green Irish linen. Set of three 11/6 plus 1/6 postage and dispatch; or available at 3/11 ea. plus 8d. postage and dispatch.

### No. 206. — MATERNITY SHIFT

This attractive maternity shift is available cut out to make in printed cotton in shades of tan/black, blue/black, turquoise/black, all on white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £1/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust £2/2/6.

Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.



Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/4 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 1860, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders in Box 6148, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.





Can you think of a vegetable  
easier to cook than bananas?



### **B**AKEABANANA

*Peel bananas. Place in bak-  
ing dish. Brush with butter.  
Bake 'til golden brown and  
easily pierced with fork.*



### **G**RILLABANANA

*Peel bananas. Place on grill-  
er. Turn them as with steak.  
Cook 'til golden brown and  
easily pierced with fork.*



### **F**RYABANANA

*Peel bananas. Place in frying  
pan. Sprinkle with salt. Cook  
and turn 'til golden brown  
and easily pierced with fork.*

fresh! **BANANAS**

FOR GOODNESS SAKE





# \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\*

## THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 30.

- ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, gold.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, red.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, grey, brown.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, green, blue.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, silver.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, white.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, jade, red.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 24-DEC. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, pink, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 21-JAN. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, green, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, black, white.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- PISCES**  
FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, violet, green.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"ROSEMARY." — Smart permanently pleated frock is available in white, pink, pale blue, aqua, and black Tetrax.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £6/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust £6/15/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust £4/18/6. Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 40. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continued from page 40

## AN OLD TUNE

shoulder; the great bay, though still far ahead, was appreciably closer, and Charley lowered the balloon, feeling the decrease in pressure of the bar under his legs as they began sliding closer to the ground in a long, slow arc.

The breeze held, and Charley lowered again till they were perhaps a hundred feet above ground, so that he could descend quickly if he had to, before they were blown out over the bay.

The night was balmy, windows were open, and they heard—glancing at each other to smile—the familiar nightly pounding of hoots and blasts of gunfire from television sets. They crossed a backyard and saw the red glow of cigarette ends and heard the quiet voices of two men.

"Four kids named Stephen in his grade alone. Aren't there any kids named George or Frank any more?"

"I know. Same with girls, these days. Ten million Debbie's and no more Edna's." "Or Edwin's." "Or Gladys's."

"Or—"

They heard a child call, "Mum!" and the mother answer, "What is it? Now, get to sleep!" As a dog glanced up at the moon, they saw the moonlight eerily reflected in its eyes; then the dog saw the balloon's black silhouette moving across the face of the moon, and raced the length of the backyard, its chain rattling, barking at them furiously.

Then, for miles around and minutes afterward, the barking was picked up and repeated like a tom-tom message. Not ten feet off in the darkness, they heard a duck honk and the beat of its wings.

Charley felt godlike, drifting soundlessly and invisibly over the rooftops, wondering what the people under them were doing and thinking. He loved them suddenly, all of them, and wanted to bestow a blessing on them, and did so. He trickled a little sand into his palm, then scattered it benevolently over the community below, saying, "Blessings on you. Blessings on you all, from your friends Charley Burke and Mrs. Lanidas."

Then they laughed, and in simultaneous impulse lifted their feet, ankles together, legs straight out, and leaned far back at arm's length, their free arms around each other's waists, supporting each other, and began to pump together, like children on a school playground.

Alternately tucking their legs far back under their perch, then shooting them forward and up in unison, they swung back and forth in a great arc under the balloon, and Charley began singing. "Come, Josephine, in my flying machine!" he shouted. "And it's up we'll go, up we'll go!"

A man in pyjamas hurried out into a yard directly below them, head turning rapidly as he looked all around. But he never looked up at Charley and Mrs. Lanidas, grinning a hundred feet over his head and moving silently past.

They moved with the

breeze, dipping with it into the valleys, then riding it over the hills again. They did this now; riding up the slope of a hill higher than any others they'd passed so far. They had left the tract, and the area below them, now, was black and lightless.

The balloon had revolved several times as they travelled, so Charley was confused, not sure where they were, and when they reached the crest of the hill and rose over it, the whole sweep of the bay suddenly lay directly before them.

Down the other slope, they moved with the breeze and an instant later sailed out across the shoreline over the bay—and the enormous length and tremendous height of the great Golden Gate Bridge suddenly dwarfed them, towering over their heads and incredibly close, not fifty yards to the right.

AND they were dropping. Here, over the water, the current of air that carried them flowed on down to the water's surface, moving just over it, and in the blackness beneath them Charley suddenly saw the whitecaps of waves. Then he heard them, too, heard their cold and watery ripple, and understood how very close they were.

High, high overhead hung the roadway of the bridge, its yellow lighting shining far up into the shadowed red superstructure of towers and cables even farther beyond

ing vertically. Even in his rigidly suppressed panic, Charley was observing, judging. They rose, but more and more slowly, until—just higher than the flat tops of the enormous bridge towers—they stopped and through several moments hung absolutely motionless not six feet from the northern tower of the bridge and nearly level with its top.

Far below the cars had shrunk to miniatures, the six-lane roadway to the width of a man's hand. Around them the air lay still and unmoving through a dozen heartbeats while they held their breaths. Then they felt the air stir infinitesimally, and ever so slowly it began to move them, not seaward but back toward the bridge, and for an instant Charley closed his eyes in relief. Then he opened them quickly to grin at Mrs. Lanidas and, after a moment, she smiled back.

Almost precisely even with the level top of the bridge tower, they drifted slowly toward it and would have bumped gently into it if Charley hadn't fended them off with his free arm. For a moment then, the flat top of the great bridge tower lay directly before them like a moonlit table top, their knees almost touching it.

Inspired by the excitement of relief, Charley reached overhead and rubbed a finger across the base of the kerosene brazier. It came away blackened with soot, and he leaned forward slightly and in the moonlight wrote "C.B." on the very top of

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



them. An instant later, arms tight around each other's waists, gripping the support ropes, they were staring directly up at the underside of the bridge, silhouetted blackly against the moonlit sky, and Charley understood that they were being swept under the bridge and out to sea, dangling just above the white-speckled black water.

He spilled ballast. He tore open the sand sacks as fast as his free arm could move. Their trapeze seat jerked under them, and they shot toward the sky. Kicking his feet sideways, gripping both ropes and jerking his body at the waist, Charley managed to turn the balloon so that they faced the bridge.

But even before the half turn was complete they'd shot to the level of the roadway, and for an instant—not a dozen feet out in the blackness west of the bridge—they stared over their shoulders directly into the windows of cars driving past them.

Then, Mrs. Lanidas, clinging with one arm to Charley's waist, they were staring down at moving car roofs, yellowed by the bridge lights, and the car roofs were shrinking and they were still rising. But now they were free of the surface breeze and climbing

dows of the Top of the Mark. Far to the south they saw Market Street angling across the city, the great dark rectangle of Golden Gate Park, and the whole maplike crisscrossing of San Francisco's streets rising over and then slipping down its hills. And they heard—very clearly—the toylike cling-clang of a cable-car bell.

Then they were across the shoreline, moving almost due north in a straight line, which, Charley saw, would intersect their mile-and-a-half-long, east- and west-street. Almost sleepily now, they simply sat waiting until they should reach it.

Presently, when he recognised the curving pattern of lighted dots ahead, which were the lamps of their street, Charley began cautiously lowering them toward the street in a slow curve. There, caught once more by the nightly current that flowed down the quiet, late-at-night street, they moved along it, following the curving white centre line toward home.

In the morning, Charley's wife and daughter were back again, the house alive and happy once more. In the days, then weeks, then months that followed, he thought of his balloon, packed away in the garage, and of using it again. But he never did, and presently he realised that alone no longer, he wasn't going to; that he'd had what he wanted from it and needed no more. And that, in fact, his flight in the balloon could not ever really be repeated.

He thought of showing the balloon to his wife and of telling her what had happened. But he realised, also, that he wasn't sure he knew what had happened; that what had happened was very little a matter of fact and almost entirely a matter of emotion, for which he had no words.

He didn't see Mrs. Lanidas again for six months. Then he was at a P.T.A. meeting, and the meeting over, the parents standing in the corridor chatting, Charley stood beside his wife, who was talking to someone.

He'd spoken politely to a number of people whom he saw nowhere else but here. His wife had introduced him to still others. Now he stood absently waiting, wanting to go home and have a drink. When his wife touched his arm saying, "Charley, I want you to meet—" he turned with an automatic smile as she finished—"Mrs. Lanidas from our street."

For a moment Charley stood looking at her, knowing that, factually speaking, this was Mrs. Lanidas. Yet it wasn't she at all. This was no laughing girl in a black leotard sailing through the sky and the night as the wind rippled her hair. This was a mother of small children, with the first lines in her face, all dressed up in a hat, good dress, dark coat, and wearing a girdle.

Charley nodded pleasantly. "Oh, yes," he said politely. "I've met Mrs. Lanidas."

At the absurdity of this she smiled and for a moment—eyes warm, almost mischievous—she was a girl once more, and speaking to both of them but her hand rising to touch Charley's sleeve, she said, "Not Mrs. Lanidas. Call me Josephine."

Out in the dark schoolyard as they got into their car, Charley's wife said puzzledly, "Now, why did she say that? I'm almost certain her name isn't Josephine. I think it's Edna."

But Charley didn't answer. Sliding under the steering wheel he simply shrugged, smiling a little, and half under his breath he continued his whistling—of an old, old tune.

(Copyright)



# Teenagers' WEEKLY

**LUCKY AND GLORIA** (left) discuss decorating ideas with salesman Mr. Don Mitchell. Gloria is looking forward to settling in Sydney, although she knows only a few of Lucky's friends so far. As Lucky doesn't mind, she will probably keep on working after they are married.

A FRENCH crystal clock (below) that only has to be wound once a year was very much admired — though not bought (it costs £69.10.0). Gloria said she thinks she will miss her dog, Sooska, when she moves to Sydney. Pets are not allowed in their home unit.

## Decor dilemma for Lucky and Gloria

● Lucky Starr and his pretty fiancée, Gloria O'Brien, who will be married in a few weeks, recently spent an afternoon looking for the right furnishings for their Sydney home.

**L**UCKY is buying a home unit on Sydney's North Shore, which, he says, "is completely bare at present."

Gloria came to Sydney from her home town of Shepparton, in Victoria, to finalise arrangements for their wedding on January 15 at St. Giles' Presbyterian Church, at Hurstville.

Furnishing their home-to-be is causing a few heated exchanges ("friendly, of course") in the Starr-O'Brien relationship.

"Lucky likes way-out contemporary furniture," said Gloria. "I'm not quite as way-out as he is."

Photographer Barry Cullen and I accompanied Lucky and Gloria on a furniture-finding expedition.

"Now, there's a swinging chair," said Lucky to Gloria in one store, indicating a vivid orange chair that seemed to be completely suspended in mid-air.

Gloria only wrinkled her nose and headed for a deep, comfortable armchair in blue and green checks.

After prowling around the shop (with Lucky "testing" every divan and chair) Gloria spotted a delicate piece of Finnish glassware.

"Ooh, Lucky, isn't it beautiful," she said.

Lucky walked around it and, eyeing it suspiciously, asked, "What is it?"

Gloria waved her hands and said, "I don't know, but isn't it lovely?"

The shop assistant came over and explained that it was a goblet vase that required no water. Just cut one flower, place in the vase, put the special lid on the top, and it would stay alive for at least two weeks.

From there we headed into the china department, where Gloria ran an appraising eye over the dinner services on display.

I asked Lucky what kind of a cook Gloria was.

"She doesn't have to cook," said Lucky. "I can cook."

As we left the store Lucky and Gloria were deep in discussion. I asked if they'd come to any agreement.

"You might say so," replied Lucky. "We either eat off bare boards or buy that whole shop."

Gloria's family will combine Christmas with coming to Sydney for the wedding. Gloria's best girlfriend and Lucky's sister will act as bridesmaids and Gloria's mother is making The Dress.

— DIANE ROBERTS







# Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

## Equal pay for women is ludicrous

IN my opinion equal pay for women is ludicrous. Women would be forced to sacrifice many of the privileges that are now allowed them by males. They would (or should) pay their way on dates, and they would forgo many of the courtesies that men (or some of us) still pay to women.

Worse still, from the women's point of view, many would be out of work because of equal pay, as many employers would prefer a male (I know I would).

At the moment women with husbands also working are keeping family bread-winners out of work. Widows and single women should take a job suitable only to women, and not compete with the superior male work force. — Brendan Power, Carrum, Vic.

## Career choice

MANY well-meaning parents insist upon influencing their children in the choice of careers. If a boy makes a wrong choice, he'll soon discover his mistake. When he is permitted to make his own mistakes life is less frustrating for him.

After all, the average boy knows himself better than anyone else. It is best for him to do the work he likes doing, even if it does not come into the glamor job category. — "Down to Earth," Camp Hill, Qld.

## Subject choice

MANY students will be wondering what subjects to choose for their second-year course. With the Wyndham system now operating in secondary schools, a wider and much more varied range of subjects is available.

Having taken home economics for the past year, I would thoroughly recommend it to next year's second form. Being a boy, and taking this subject, I have had quite a few unjust comments passed about me, but I overlook these. It is not an easy subject and you must work conscientiously to be rewarded with success.

The results from my school prove that boys are just as good as girls at this subject. I came fourth in second-year and was the only one in my class to gain a credit pass.

Go to it, boys, show the girls that we are just as good as they are any day. — "Successful Chef," Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

## New friends

DURING the holidays every teenager should aim at making at least one new friend who does not attend the same school or work in the same establishment.

Schools and large offices, shops or factories tend to narrow one's friendship field. — "Amicus," Geelong, Vic.

## School cards

THIS year the school that I attend had its own Christmas cards printed. On the outside was the front portion of the school, drawn by the art teacher, and on the inside a simple message with the school badge and motto.

Originally it was intended that these cards should be sent to pen-friends some of the students have in Japan, but later they were made available to the rest of the school.

I think the cards are ideal to send to friends, ex-students, or just as a memento of the school. — Helen Mills, Altonville, N.S.W.

## NEXT WEEK:

• Singer Col Joye is also an expert water-skier and he recently spent a day teaching reporter Kerry Yates the important principles of the sport. Color pictures pass Kerry's first lesson on to you.

• The sari, the dress of Indian women, is incomparable for its luxurious beauty and gracious femininity. An Indian girl in Australia models her wardrobe.

## What Mods like

AS I recently read the opinions of a typical surfer, I would like to offer my views as a follower of the Mod trend.

I love: Rhythm and blues, especially records by the Rolling Stones, Ray Charles, Jimmy Reed, and Dionne Warwick, long hair, way-out parties, dancing, suede and leather gear, Mary Quant fashions, high-heeled boots, identity bracelets.

I hate: Racial prejudice, rockers, tight stretch slacks on girls (they're cheap and common), motor - bikes, barbers, greasy hair, heavy make-up (especially when the

result is similar to plaster), convention, people whose criticism of us is unfounded.

My view of life is to be individual, despise convention in any shape or form, be independent, and, most of all, to make the adult world realise that we are young adults with our own views, opinions, and way of life, not empty-headed "teenagers." To me this is the most important goal to strive for. — Maree H. Cunningham, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

## Adults and teens

WHEN will teenagers be able to understand adults and adults understand teenagers? At the present the situation between these two is catastrophic.

My solution is for adults to recognise this changing modern world and stop clutching at the old-fashioned one, and for teenagers to realise that adults are not totally impossible and that they were teenagers once themselves. — Maria Rigney, Yankalilla, S.A.

## No individuals

WE have lost our individuality. Throughout the world in this modern age society is plagued with conformity. Everybody must be in some group, whether it be surfies, jazzers, rockers, beatniks, or just plain squares. Even those who like them all are put into groups!

We must dress, think, and act like the rest of our group and maintain unfriendly feelings toward the other groups, even to the extent of having a brawl to prove a point. Why must we conform?

We are created individually, and our childhood was a period of self-expression. So why can't we continue this way?

People's minds would be more active and we would be able to view things in different ways. And, best of all, we would be able to command our own thoughts and actions without the fear of being ridiculed. — Judith Gray, Ballarat, Vic.



"Keep talking, dad, you're doing wonders for my ego!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 6, 1965

**Don't let SPOTS & PIMPLES rob you of...**

**CLEAR-SKIN CONFIDENCE**

**You can have a clear healthy skin in just a few days**

Now, even stubborn spots can be cleared fast. Valderma Balm acts faster, more effectively. Clears spots, rashes, teenage acne and most common skin ailments. Valderma penetrates deep under the skin. Kills the germs that cause the trouble, then gently soothes and heals. In just a few days your skin is clear, fresh and healthy again. Valderma isn't greasy. Doesn't show. You can wear it all day—even under make-up. Try Valderma today—it's the effective remedy for those embarrassing skin troubles. At chemists, tubes 3/6 and 5/-.

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When Valderma Balm has cleared your skin, use Valderma Soap to keep it healthy—it's deodorant, too! 2/3



# A NEW YOU for the NEW YEAR

● Have you ever wished you were a drawing that you could simply rub out and start all over again? Lots of people have. It's a safe bet that even the most beautiful girl would like to change at least ONE point about herself.

—By—  
PATRICIA JOHNSON

Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

"AT school I and three friends go around together and three of us are prefects. We are all good at sports and we are popular with boys, but another group of girls at school are our enemies. We have never been good friends with them, but lately they have really avoided us, called us names, embarrassed us, and are taking our friends away from us. Could you please tell us how to stop this and make them sorry for it?"

"Jealous," W.A.

Have you asked yourself why your friends are leaving you? Surely it would take more than the word of your so-called enemies to make them do so.

If what you say is true, though, the only thing you can do is ignore this group of girls. Trying to make them sorry is silly and petty.

But search your own personalities thoroughly and ask yourselves whether there is something in you that is turning your "enemies" and your former friends against you.

★ ★ ★

"I AM 16 and I am still wearing lace-up shoes, socks, and no make-up. As I live in the country I have no real friends to ask to drop a few hints to my mother, whom I find it very hard to talk to about anything. I'm growing that way that I hardly ever go out because I feel as though I'm making a fool of myself. Please don't think I want to look like a zombie; it's just that I'm sick of this 14-year-old schoolgirl image. All my brothers are married, so there are no other children to bring up, except me. What can I do?"

"Embarrassed," Vic.

I think you will have to talk to your mother, which I'm sure won't be nearly as frightening as you imagine. Mothers have a way of understanding.

Ask your mother if you may have some new clothes, including shoes with small heels, and stockings. I don't think she would mind a touch of lipstick, either—and you

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

might be able to create a new hairstyle for yourself.

But explain to her that you feel self-conscious and embarrassed at not being able to dress like other girls of your age.

★ ★ ★

"I AM a 17-year-old boy who likes pop records and watching teenage shows on television. The trouble is, when I am watching one of these shows where teenagers are stomping, my father says such things as: 'What an intelligent-looking bunch,' or 'What a mob of jumping beans.' I don't like answering back about his remarks, but what makes him say these things? Is it because he did not have this kind of entertainment when he was a boy or doesn't he want me to have fun?"

"Pop Fan," S.A.

I wouldn't take your father's remarks too seriously if I were you.

His father probably behaved in the same way to him. If, 25 years from now, you can refrain from ridiculing YOUR son's taste in pops you'll be an unusually broad-minded father.

★ ★ ★

"ON holidays I met a boy and, after a few dates, I found out that I liked him very much. The trouble is that I gave him wrong information about myself. I told him I was older than I really am and I gave him a different name. Now he has become serious about me and I feel that if I tell him the truth he may never trust or believe me again. What can I do?"

"Desperate," N.S.W.

You were very foolish to tell lies in the first place, but now the only thing to do is to tell the truth before the situation goes any further.

Tell your boyfriend that you are sorry for being so silly, but that in the beginning you thought it was only a casual friendship which would cease after your holidays.

Ask him to forgive you and say that you hope you can start off on a fresh footing.

THAT'S all very well, you might say, but how about someone who wants to change EVERYTHING?

You've got hair that is curly when the fashion is for straight, sleek bobs; you freckle when golden tans are the thing; you're plump and you wish you were thin; you're skinny and you want nice, soft curves; you're too tall or too short; and you wish to heaven your mother had made you wear braces on your teeth when you were 11.

Wouldn't it be lovely if you could just scrap the whole hideous mess and start all over again?

(I hope by now you're getting on the defensive and thinking: "Well, really, I'm not THAT bad. I may have my bad points, but I have my good ones, too!" That, dear readers, is precisely what you are supposed to do!)

Now, let's look at this sanely and sensibly.

You are you—you were born you—and like the song says, "there'll never be another you."

Surely the thing, then, is to make the very most of yourself.

Take a pencil and paper and write down all the things about yourself that you like.

Are your eyes a pretty color?

Have you got a shapely waist or trim ankles?

Don't think this is being vain, because the worst bit is yet to come.

When you have written down all the things that are nice about you (and don't forget such things as well-shaped hands, a softly modulated voice or pretty laugh), start on the not-so-nice points about you.

Your figure, first of all.

Don't yearn to be a sylph if your natural build is heavier, but if you feel you are too fat, then resolve to see your doctor and ask him to prescribe a good diet for you.

## Disguise faults

If you're too thin, the same applies, though, strangely, it is more difficult to put on weight than to lose it.

Resolve in future always to choose clothes that flatter your particular figure type.

No matter if you absolutely pine for that sliver of silk jersey when you know it shows up every bulge and bump as unkindly as a magnifying glass, be determined not to give in if you're any plumper than a fashion model.

Leave the bikinis to the slim, boyish types.

Choose instead a flattering, cover-up maillor swimsuit, which is just as fashionable as a brief two-piece.

If you're thin you can probably wear most dresses (and slim, sleek trousers were just made for you).

But beware the thin girl's problem of scrawny arms and salt-cellar hollows in shoulders.

Choose clothes which disguise, rather than flaunt, these faults.

Skin is terribly important, because there's more of it on you than anything else.

If you have a spotty complexion, determine to go on a good diet with lots of fresh fruit and vegetables, cutting down on all sweets and starchy things, chocolate, and too much coffee.

If you do suffer from spots, there is a fair chance that your skin is oily.

Check over your make-up (there are very good lines of medicated make-up on the market for problem skins).

Resolve to keep everything that touches your face scrupulously clean in future.

## Freckles and hair

Experiment with make-up, finding just the right amount and the right kind to suit your skin.

Admittedly, this can be a fairly expensive business, as the only real way to find the very best for you is by trial and error.

If you have freckles, don't fret too much about them.

If you really hate them, they can be shaded into a skin tone by using a slightly darker make-up than you would normally use.

But many wise girls (including models) prefer to leave their freckles alone.

They know how attractive they can look in a face shining with health.

Hair, too, is important and a really good cut and styling can do wonders for your whole appearance. But don't reach for the moon.

If you have soft and curly hair, look for a style to make the most of it instead of yearning for straight, heavy hair.

There are straightening processes, of course (they work like a permanent wave in reverse), but unless you have really impossibly curly hair, it is wisest to be content with what you have.

Remember, too, that this is a period when there are really no exclusively fashionable hairstyles.

Any head of hair which is immaculately clean, shiny, and prettily styled is fashionable today.

If your teeth are not all they should be, pay a visit to your dentist and ask his advice.

If they are crooked, he may be able to straighten them for you.

Teeth-capping (porcelain jackets fitted over the crowns) can be done in the case of badly discolored teeth, but the process is expensive.

If your own teeth are not too bad and if you have any cavity filled as soon as it occurs, the best beauty treatment is to clean them well

and regularly, and flash them in a happy smile.

Resolve, in the coming year, to pay more attention to your clothes.

It's an old cliché (but like most clichés, it's true) that you don't have to have lots of money and an inexhaustible wardrobe to be well dressed.

You DO have to look after your clothes, keep them immaculate, pay attention to hemlines, watch the heels on your shoes, and be clever with colors and accessories.

Watch your posture. It's the real key to overall prettiness.

Try to catch glimpses of yourself in mirrors and windows as you walk along the street. (People will probably think you're the most conceited person on earth; but never mind, it's for a purpose.)

Could your shoulders be a little straighter?

When you walk or sit do you lift your ribcage, or does it spread down over your waist in an unattractive bulge?

Remember, too, that your posture in youth will affect your figure (and your health) in later life.

But perhaps the most significant overhaul you can

make in the quest for a new you is in the personality department.

The beauty in a pretty pair of eyes is not so much in well-applied make-up as in the light that shines behind them.

Take an interest—a sincere interest—in other people.

And that doesn't just mean the cute blond boy down the street, but in all those around you—your parents and relatives, older friends, teachers, employers and workmates.

Be kind, intelligent, and generous and nobody is going to count the freckles on your nose.

## Days of woe

As beauty is largely a case of mind over matter, you have to be prepared for days when you feel absolutely, positively plain and hideous.

The most beautiful women in the world have days like this and there is really nothing you can do about them except grit your teeth and ride them out.

And do remember that most people would swap ten perfect beauties for a pretty, natural girl who likes life and people.

NOW, OOH—  
LA-[DRACU]LA!  
ROUND ROBIN

● The cat is out of the bag — or, should I say, the "bag" is out of the bag!

YOU see, an American psychologist is convinced that women don't REALLY want to be pretty.

The doctor even hints that lasses don't mind looking like witches!

He offers as evidence the many ugly clothes and make-up fashions that women effect.

He cites Mod clothes and eerie eye-shadows and lipsticks as examples.

Further, in a weird flight of psychological fancy, he suggests that the current craze for witch TV shows also points up the real attitude of women to beauty or lack of it.

"American TV producers have had no trouble persuading pretty actresses to adopt the new, horrible-looking images," he said. "I feel this is very significant."

I can see a strange future for femininity if women take the doctor at his word.

There will truly be bats in the belle-fry.

And career girls will toss in their jobs to become contented (haunted) housewives.

A girl would no longer care whether her boyfriends werewolves or weren't wolves.

A young witch, however, might still worry about meeting a monster fete worse than death.

A truly bewitching young bride, after a spat with her husband, might tell him he sphinx and go home to (Egyptian) mummy!

In this circumstance a husband's troubles with his wife's relatives might be covered by (Frank) Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

I suppose romantic songs would change, too.

There could be "There Is Nothing Like a Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Little Red, Red, Red Robot."

One thing—a bloke who married a witch-like lass would find she ruled the roost.

As they say, "there is always broom at the top!"

—Robin Adair





**PATSY ANN NOBLE**, one of Australia's top girl singers, is bitter about her "failure" in England. Patsy has changed from her Little Girl Look to a more sophisticated style and thinks that this, among other things, could have something to do with it.

# Patsy Ann is disappointed

● Two years ago Patsy Ann Noble arrived in London from Australia, a star of television, stage, and records who wanted to widen her horizons and become an international name. Today she is disillusioned with British show business, tired of the emphasis placed on the record charts, and is seriously thinking of moving on to America.

"**Q**UITTE frankly things haven't worked out as we thought they would," she told me. "I'm at the stage now where either something big happens here or I start thinking about America."

We were sitting in the smartly furnished lounge of the Hampstead apartment where Patsy lives with her mother and mentor, Helen de Paul; her singer-comedian father, Buster; and younger sister, Maggie.

The apartment is large and lavish and Helen would like to spend more money on it if only she knew what is going to happen to her daughter.

Patsy Ann is seldom out of work and crops up regularly on television and concert dates. Only that week she and Buster had made record history by releasing discs on the same day and for the same label.

Patsy's record, "Tied Up With Mary," won praise from reviewers and disc jockeys, but not, alas, from the record buyers.

"The charts have become ridiculous here," said Patsy. "If you haven't got a record in them you don't get the cream of the bookings."

"I don't know why I can't seem to get anywhere. I always get good numbers and the sound and arrangements are first-rate."

"But they never seem to get there," she said.

"The nearest I ever had to a hit was 'Accidents Will Happen' earlier this year. I'm still getting plenty of work, but only when they want a professional and not somebody who can only mime to their latest disc."

If Patsy's comments sound like sour grapes she makes

no apology for them. Two years ago, when she arrived full of hope, and eager to begin work, I was talking to a girl who was brimming over with happiness.

Today Patsy has become bitter and frustrated at missing the chance of establishing herself in the record field as a best-selling female vocalist.

During her two years here the market for girl singers has gone from strength to strength, with girls like Cilla Black, Dusty Springfield, Julie Rogers, and Sandie Shaw regularly cropping up in the charts.

"Some of the girls make marvellous records," said Patsy, "but a lot of the so-called stars, particularly in the groups, are just terrible."

From **BRIAN GIBSON**, in London

Patsy Ann's Little Girl Look, which took her to fame in Australia, vanished quickly once she arrived in London. Instead she won a reputation as one of the most attractive of the female singers and one more able to hold her own in the beauty stakes with any screen star.

Her image, in fact, has been one of her drawbacks.

"If I'd stayed the little girl type I'd have been all right here, I guess," said Patsy, "but when I left Australia I decided I had to grow up and, like it or not, this is how I should be."

"Lisa Minelli, Judy Garland's daughter and a good friend of mine, and Peter Allen, of the Allen Brothers, who Lisa is engaged to, think I'd do better in the States. I'd like to do the kind of roles than Ann-Margret specialises in."

"I can sing, dance, and act, and when I came here I

wanted to get into films, but all I've done is one small part in a musical film."

Patsy's parents share her bewilderment and disappointment, and when I asked Helen if their stay here had been worth it financially she shook her head.

"If I told you how much we've lost, you wouldn't believe me," she said. "The scene here is so different from back home."

"Here, nobody wants to create stars that will last. Look around at half of these groups, how many will be around in five years' time? The Beatles, maybe—but who else? It's bad for show business to carry on like this."

Plenty of people are pulling hard to establish the Patsy Ann Noble brand of talent on television and concerts.

It's fair to say that she is probably known by a wider audience than most girl singers, and she has certainly notched up more television appearances than most, starring in shows with people like comedians Morecambe and Wise, Dave King, and singer Adam Faith.

B.B.C. producer Ernest Maxin feels convinced that she is ideal star material for her own show, and 1965 could well be a big television year for Patsy.

But Patsy has her heart set on scoring a big disc success and undoubtedly this would hasten the plans for a series on television.

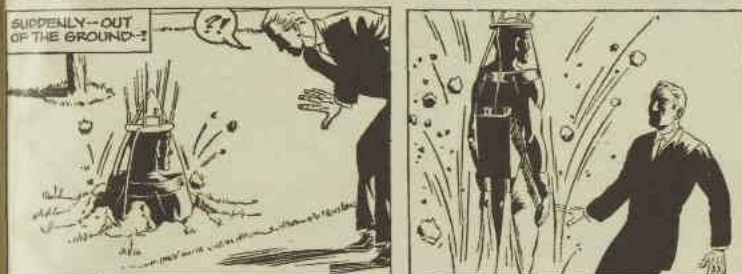
Her recording manager, Norrie Paramor, keeps hoping that her next disc will be a winner and he is convinced that her luck must change, as it did for Frank Ifield, who was here three years before making the hit disc "Remember You."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 6, 1965



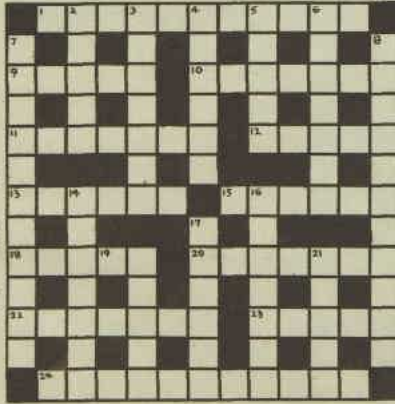
# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is still pondering over the strange thefts of the diamonds from the mine and the emerald from a foolproof vault. Meanwhile in the grounds of a local museum something is happening. NOW READ ON ...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- A clue in post for this risky theorising (11).
  - One of the nine maidens (5).
  - Give our cart for this guardian (7).
  - The father of Greek drama in his step (7).
  - May be applied to treatment of young child, young tree, sick people, and billiard balls (5).
  - The material universe of a tuner (6).
  - Relish, the end of which belongs to us (6).
  - Begin with holy skill (5).
  - Combined age in duel (7).
  - I ply ten not suitably (7).
  - Decay or the revolving part of a machine (5).
  - No more stars. They should know it (11).



- DOWN**
- Make room for by putting fifty in a stride (5).
  - Butcher's cleaver (7).
  - This could be an insect or the fruit of the carob (6).
  - Italian city on the River Po (5).
  - Smallest of the Great Lakes in Canada (7).
  - You may call it the unintentional error of a gambler (7, 4).
  - For them business is not a duty (4, 7).
  - Cat errs (anagr., 7).
  - The above is one (7).
  - In doing this to the ball in cricket one sends it on to one's own wicket and puts oneself out (4, 2).
  - A job in mining or a private teacher (5).
  - Express in words by a stout termagant (5).

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# Butterick PATTERNS



- 2774**—Slim dress, softly draped from shoulder. Skirt drapes falls over belt, forming a deep, folded pleat. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
- 3176**—Cool, semi-fitted dress with button trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.
- 9970**—Lovely shallow-necked dress for after-5 or street wear. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.
- 3086**—Beat the heat in this shallow-necked muu-muu with curved yoke. Sizes, small (31-32in. bust), medium (34-36in. bust), large (38-40in. bust). Price 5/- includes postage.

**BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES**



- 3167**—Young Junior and Teen two-piece bathing-suit with new blouse overblouse. Pattern also includes hooded beach cover-up. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.
- 3163**—Toddler's swimsuit and reversible hooded cover-up. Pattern also provides little boy's trunks with elasticised waist. Sizes ½ to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.6). BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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**SALAD**



**Golden Circle**

TROPICAL SLICED **PINEAPPLE**  
TENDER SLICED **BEETROOT**

**GOLDEN CIRCLE 'FAMILY SALAD'**

Arrange sliced luncheon beef or camp pie in the centre of a lettuce-lined platter. Pile grated carrot each end and rim with sliced hard-boiled egg. Line long sides with sliced tomato garnished with cheese shapes, onion rings and cooked green peas. Drain 30oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE, mounting slices in pairs round four sides of mound of potato salad. Make 'nest' in top with celery curls and fill with chopped GOLDEN CIRCLE BEETROOT.

**PEEL A CAN TODAY**



THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.